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JULY 4 1943

DETROIT

PUNCH

DECEMBER

22

1948

Vol. CCXV

No. 5637

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text

for the "present"  -and always *Player's Please*

[NCC 701]

"HusK.ees"

by



R. 160



Made by **ABDULLA** for those
who prefer the American style of blend

BRITAIN'S NEED IS SPEED!



Sharps THE WORD FOR *Toffee*

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD.



of Maidstone "THE TOFFEE SPECIALISTS"

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S S S



TIME for bed is time for sleep. But be sure that it is sleep of the right kind—sound, peaceful and fully restorative.

A cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' at bedtime will help to give you the right kind of sleep. Its soothing influence does much to induce sleep and it provides concentrated, easily digestible nutriment to restore the nerves and rebuild strength and energy.

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These world famous
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are sold by the best stores throughout the country

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'Celanese' at a party helps to make it "go". Lovely evening gowns are lovelier in 'Celanese' Fabrics . . . Furnishings tell their own luxurious story if they are made from 'Celanese'. For modern synthetics, created in the Celanese Laboratories, are contributing luxury and comfort to everyday life. We hope that before long they will be more freely available in this country.

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KAYSER BONDOR
STYLE 55

A new stocking for the cooler days, made of a mixture of
pure silk and rayon, giving warmth with good appearance
and wearability, featuring: 1. A deep two-way stretch
heel for ankle fit. 2. A deep suspendering welt with
ladder stop.

Price 7/7d. (including purchase tax)



Successful highwaymen are calm, abandoned and devil-may-care. They are good at gun-play and light romance. They are men to whom a woman will gladly surrender her last tablet of Personality Soap. No conquest can build a man's prestige more effectively.

Personality
TURTLE OIL SOAP

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That pair of "MODERNA" Blankets you have waited for so long has gone overseas to buy you all these.

your MEAT

one Week's Ration for 2 years

or SHELL-EGGS

6 Shell-Eggs per week for a year

or BUTTER

½ lb per week for a year

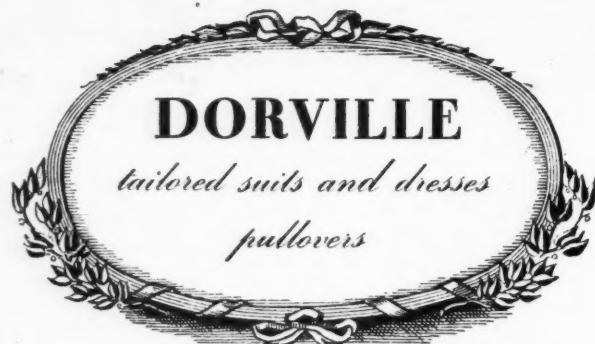
or FLOUR

4 lbs. of Flour every week for a year

Our "inside needs" are more urgent than our "outside comforts"! So "MODERNA" Blankets, all pure lamb's wool in lovely pastel shades, are being sold abroad to pay for the food we need.

MODERNA
BLANKETS

THOS. RATCLIFFE & CO. LTD.
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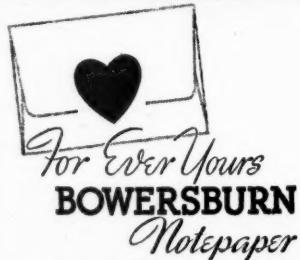
I turn a meal
into a Party

Copyright



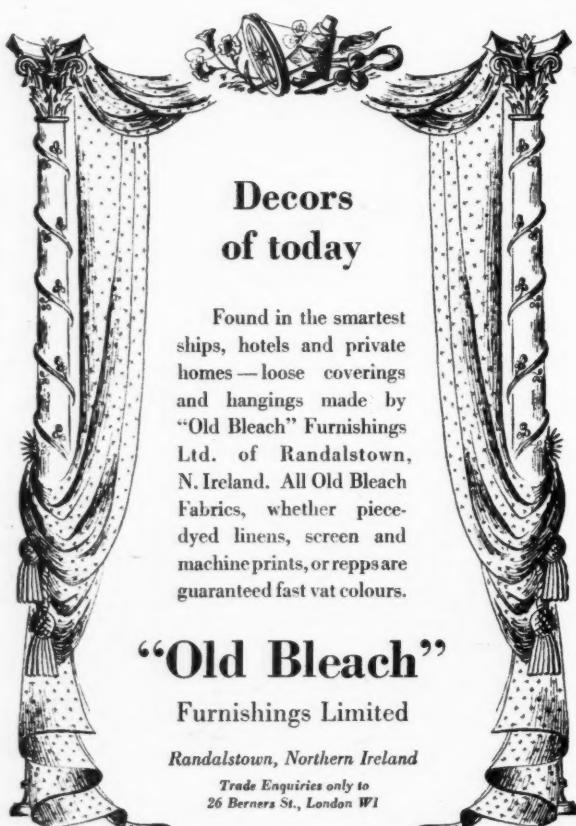
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Quality Wines

Make merry with
HUNGARIAN WINES



Your writing looks its
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Sold by all the best Stationers.

EPHEDROL
RELIEVES
CATARRH & COLDS
A "sniff" at bedtime
clears the nasal passages
Chemists, 1/10 & 1/8 (including
Purchase Tax), or post-free from
CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD. LIVERPOOL.
Est. 1813. C.E.8c



"Old Bleach"

Furnishings Limited

Randalstown, Northern Ireland

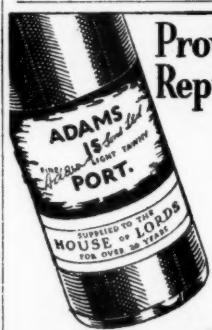
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26 Berners St., London W1

A big help with your carpets



Now available again

Proved Reputation



ADAMS PORT

Always the
choice of connoisseurs



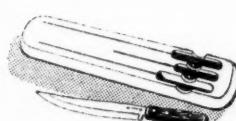
Lindt
THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR



Present reminders

Give 'Prestige' hollow-ground knives! Made in 6 styles, each designed for a particular job, 'Prestige' knives are hollow-ground to give a sharper edge with a longer life. Available in several new and original containers, including the Presentation Box (illustrated) holding two 'Prestige' knives and matched carving fork. All the better stores have them.

Other containers include hardwood holder for wall hanging, containing 6 knives; Table Block (illustrated at right), holding 3 knives, and the Host Set, containing 4 knives. 'Prestige' hollow-ground knives are also sold singly with Rosewood or Black hard rubber handles.



HOLLOW-GROUND KNIVES

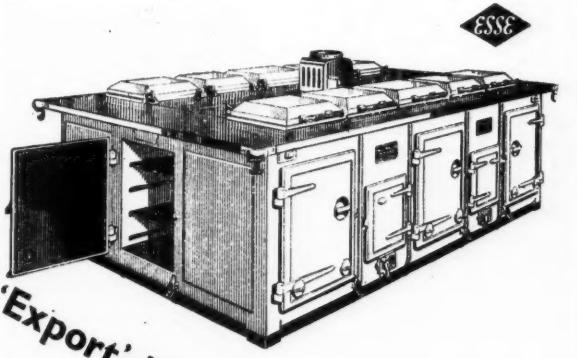


Made in 6 styles: CARVER • SLICER • STEAK KNIFE • FRENCH COOK'S • PARING • UTILITY

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FOR

COFFEE



'Export' demands the best

ESSE

major

... that is why
so many ESSE Cookers are going overseas.
To ensure fair distribution for home customers, orders are dealt with in strict rotation.

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854
Head Office & Works: Bonnybridge, Scotland

London Showrooms & Advisory Dept.:
46 Davies Street, W.I

Also at Liverpool, Edinburgh & Glasgow

heat storage cookers

The French Riviera

will spring to brilliant life again this winter with a season reminiscent of those which made it famous — fêtes and galas — battles of flowers — musical, sporting, fashionable events of every kind — and, of course, sunshine — in surroundings of perfect natural beauty.

For further details apply to any Travel Agent or to FRENCH NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1

(31)

MYERS HOT TODDY
Mix 'Myers' with boiling water, adding a little Lemon or Lime juice and sugar to taste. Stir well, serve with a pinch of grated nutmeg or powdered cinnamon.



TO WARM
THE COCKLES
OF THE HEART

MAKE
MINE
MYERS

THE DARK & MELLOW RUM
that's matured & bottled in Jamaica

Get FREE copy of 'Myers' Recipes from your supplier or from: Gillespie Bros. & Co. Ltd., Dept. W5, Ling House, Dominion St., London, E.C.2.



Take it from me

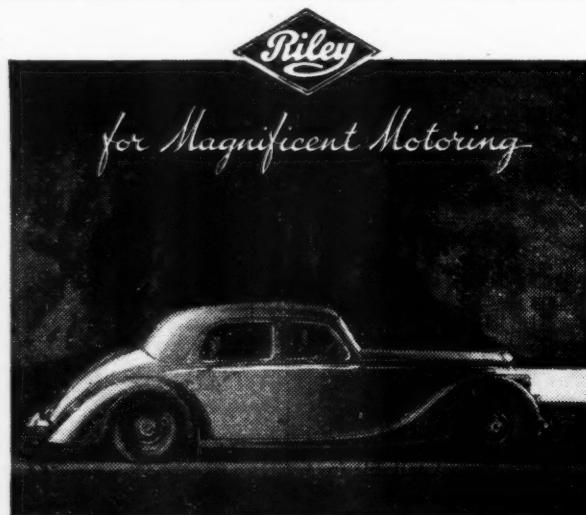
PHILLIPS wafer-thin
Superfine Stick-a-Soles,
securely fixed with Solution
only, will keep your shoes
as smart as new.

They are invisible in wear.

Phillips

STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS

double the life
of your shoes



"The new Riley steering is out of the ordinary in more ways than one. Perhaps its great accuracy is due in part to the fact that there is virtually no back lash or lost motion at all. Anyway, for once there was excuse for the passenger who murmured the cliché about running on rails. Yet, despite this precision, there is very little castor effect, at any rate so far as the feel of the wheel indicates." — *vide "The Motor."*

100 H.P. 2½ litre Saloon £880 plus £248 3s. 10d. Purchase Tax.
1½ litre Saloon £675 plus £180 5s. 0d. Purchase Tax.

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1898-1948

Riley

as old as the industry

as modern as the hour

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED, COVENTRY



London Showrooms: "Riley Cars," 55-56 Pall Mall, S.W.1
Overseas Business — Nuffield Exports Ltd. Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



THE SUPREME TEST

LODGE
PLUGS

GRAND PRIX OF EUROPE

Count Trossi - - - - - Alfa Romeo

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L. Villoresi - - - - - Maserati

FRENCH GRAND PRIX

J. P. Wimille - - - - - Alfa Romeo

ITALIAN GRAND PRIX

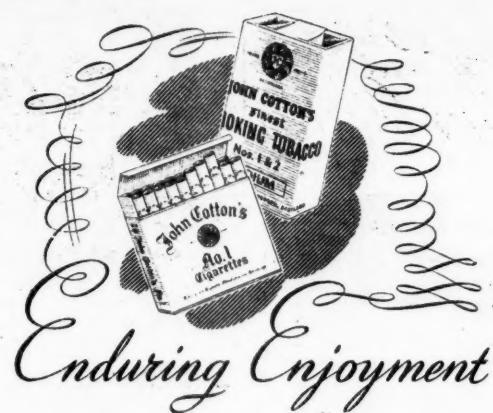
J. P. Wimille - - - - - Alfa Romeo

MONZA GRAND PRIX

J. P. Wimille Alfa Romeo (109 m.p.h.)

ALL USED THE
WORLD'S FINEST PLUG

Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby, England



There's something about John Cotton Tobacco that satisfies—and goes on satisfying a man. It has been a firm favourite among discriminating pipe smokers for over a century. Likewise those who enjoy a really good cigarette will always prefer John Cotton No. 1.

★ John Cotton Tobacco—Nos. 1 & 2	4/9 an oz.
No. 4	4/5 an oz.
Empire	4/11 an oz.

★ No. 1 Cigarettes 3/10 for 20

JOHN COTTON

A Trusted Tobacco - a perfect Cigarette

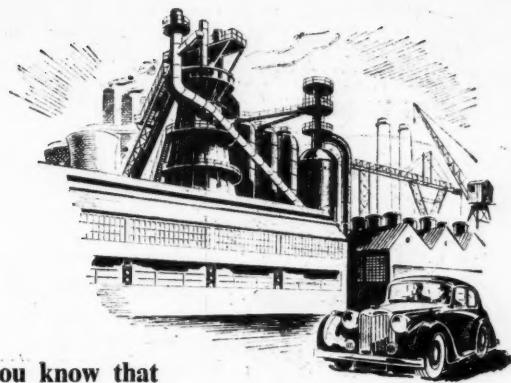


Out
with a
dog
in wind
or rain—
never
forget your

Peltinvain

WEATHER COAT

Made by JOHN MARES LTD., Basingstoke, and available in limited quantities from the leading Men's Shops in the U.K. and Overseas.



"Did you know that

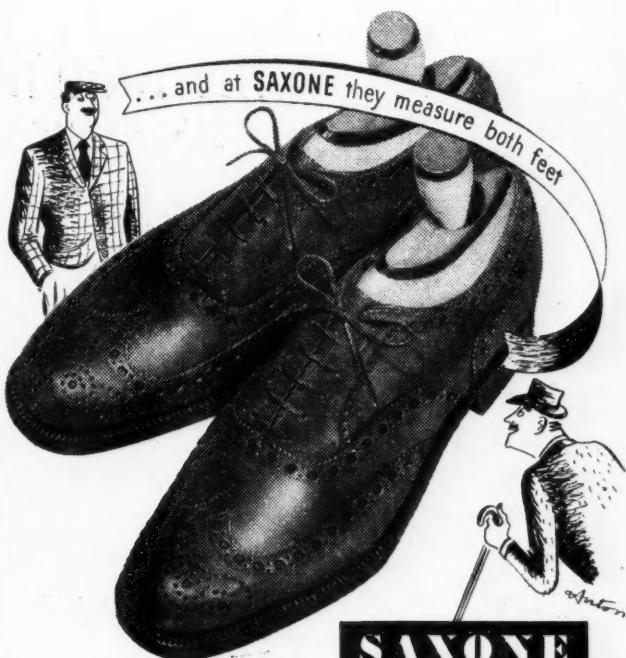
Britain's biggest lubrication job has been
awarded to **SHELL OIL ?**

THE new steel works now being built at Port Talbot for the Steel Company of Wales Ltd., will have the biggest strip mill in Europe. The vast lubricating oil requirements have been awarded entirely to Shell.

Over two-thirds of the lubricating oil produced in Britain comes from the Shell Refineries, and the Shell Research Centre in Cheshire is among the best equipped in the world. That's why Shell Oil means longer life and smoother performance for YOUR car, too. Your dealer knows—see him frequently.



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Shoes for Men

SAXONE SHOE COMPANY LTD., 60 Old Broad St., 40 Strand, 64 Gracechurch St., London.
Shops throughout the Country.



Men who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money. It's a grand tobacco of medium strength—the strength most men prefer. Cool, fragrant, comforting, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is important these days!

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

4/1½d. an ounce

MURRAY, SONS AND CO. LTD., BELFAST,
NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobaccos
have been skilfully blended for over 130 years

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Not subsidised—Not nationalised
—still dependent on public support.



Please be Father
Christmas to a
little child in Dr.
Barnardo's Homes.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

of any amount
warmly welcomed in
support of our 7,000
boys and girls.

10/-

will buy one child's
food for a week.

Cheques etc. (crossed), payable "Dr.
Barnardo's Homes," addressed 4 Barnardo
House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.



YOU CAN BE
SURE OF
SUPERIOR
SERVICE

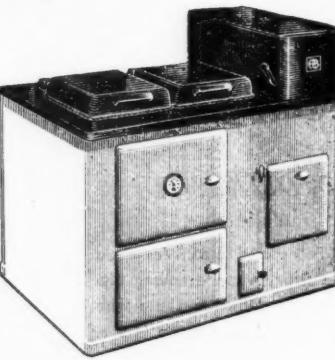
The Best of all Bicycles

Royal * Enfield

THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO., LTD., REDDITCH

Install an 'AB' and be
independent of Power Cuts!

Burning anthracite type fuel, the AB affords a completely *independent* and *unfailing* means of providing continuous 'round-the-clock' cooking facilities for 2 to 20 people, *plus* a constant hot water supply for all domestic needs. For dependability and economy the AB is supreme.



double-duty Cooker and Water Heater

Inspect the AB Cooker at our Showrooms or write for details to Department D

FEDERATED SALES LTD. • 80 GROSVENOR STREET • LONDON W1



The family friend

Friendly and com-
forting in many a minor
digestive upset. Bringing
double-action relief
promptly and pleasantly.
A gentle laxative; an
effective antacid. Kept
at hand in all the best
regulated families.

•Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK
Large size 3/2—equals 3 small size 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE
CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

The Food that Fortifies!



These are the days when the whole family needs staunch protection against winter ills. Providing additional vitamins A and D, 'KEPLER' is the food which fortifies the body and helps to supplement the weekly fat ration. There's extra energy in 'KEPLER', too, and its smooth, sweet, malty flavour makes it welcome everywhere. Be wise! See your chemist. He'll confirm the value of starting the daily 'KEPLER' habit now.



MORE GOODNESS
TO THE SPOONFUL

KEPLER
COD LIVER OIL WITH MALT EXTRACT

In two sizes—3/3 and 5/9

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT



Here
is your
Fortune
my pretty maid!

Fortune

Chocolates by Caley of Norwich



Look before you leap . . . but
she who hesitates loses the

Procea bread

"ONCE TASTED—NEVER WASTED!"

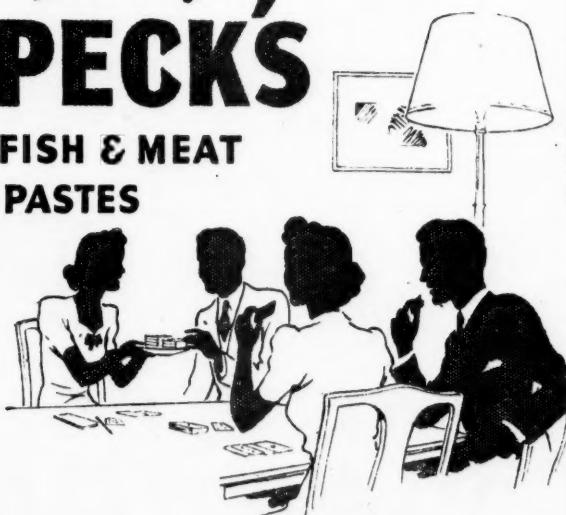


PROCEA PRODUCTS LTD · Procea House, Dean St., London, W.1

WHEN YOU'RE FEELING
'PECKISH'

think of
PECK'S

FISH & MEAT
PASTES



HARRY PECK & CO LTD., DEVONSHIRE GROVE, LONDON, S.E.15

SUCH LOVELY WINE FOR SEVEN-AND-NINE

Our British Wines represent the best value in wine obtainable to-day, and the name "WHITEWAY" on a label has been a guarantee of purity and quality for over 50 years.

XMAS PRICE LIST

RUBY and WHITE · Per Bott. 7/9
Good full bodied wines.

BRITISH SHERRY · Brown .. 8/6
Excellent for general use.

BRITISH SHERRY · Pale Dry .. 9/6
Superb flavour and bouquet for all occasions. Extra high strength of 32° Proof Spirit.

GINGER WINE and ORANGE
WINE .. 8/3
Full alcoholic strength. Ideal for Xmas festivities.



WHITEWAY'S BRITISH WINES



— Mummy makes it with MARMITE

Why is it wizard? Because its savour's so rich. Why is its savour rich? Because the gravy's so good. Why is the gravy good? Because it's got Marmite in it!

There's nothing tastier—or more economical—for soups, stews and savoury dishes of all sorts. For your cooking's sake get some Marmite today.

Popular size . . . 2/-
Family size . . . 5/9



Every day is a sunny day—if your system is clean and clear from poisons. A glass of Eno sees to that, first thing in the morning. It's a cheerful drink, itself!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

2/3 and 3/11 a bottle (tax included).

It's French but it's English



"French" Mustard doesn't mean mustard made in France any more than "Yorkshire" Pudding means pudding made in Yorkshire. It is mustard blended with herbs and spices, and mixed to a smooth, creamy consistency with fine vinegar.

If you've had French Mustard before, you will know as soon as you taste it that Colman's French Mustard is the best of its kind. If this type of mustard is new to you, get a jar of Colman's and try it. It is a most appetising condiment with a subtle piquancy all its own.

Ask for it by name at any good store or restaurant.

COLMAN'S French MUSTARD



CROSSE & BLACKWELL
SOUPS THAT NOURISH

MIXED VEGETABLE, MOCK TURTLE, MULLIGATAWNY,
MEAT, SCOTCH BROTH, TOMATO, CREAM OF MUSHROOM



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXV No. 5637

December 22 1948

Charivaria

RECENT official warnings that a quantity of worthless money was in circulation did not greatly disturb Christmas shoppers. They had already noticed it.

A traveller says he made a bit of a scene when he arrived at Euston Station and found that no one would handle his

luggage. A better plan would have been to retire to the waiting-room and cool off a bit.



"With Christmas in mind, look round now."

Advt. in "Evening Standard."

Why? Aren't we being followed?

A lady complains that a taxi-driver refused to take her as a passenger although his flag was up. Perhaps it was his birthday.

A road-house bar-tender was recently warned for watering beer. Motorist customers had long suspected him of doing too many milds to the gallon.

"Then fate throws an attractive pilot across her path and from then on there is a turmoil of events including an elopement by plane and a mad flight involving an absconding bank cashier and a cigar-smoking chimpanzee."—*Film review in evening paper.*

Pardon!

One of the most expensive Christmas toys is a working model of a London railway station. Complete with glut of parcels.

A doctor says that under the National Health Scheme the dentists seem to have struck oil. Drilling continues.

Spider At Large Again

"Tickets: Pony Club Members 10/-; Friends 20/- (including Running Muffet)."—*Announcement in Derby paper.*

A columnist reports that he saw a queue of businessmen waiting for a bank to open. They probably wanted to ask the manager what sort of a Christmas they were likely to have.



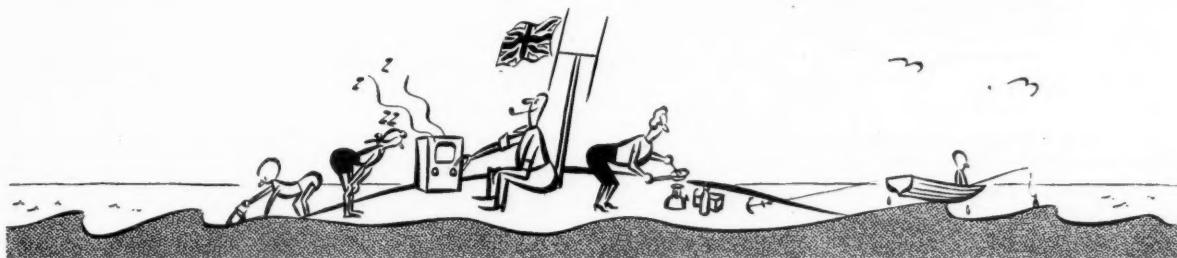
A property-owner says he cannot get a satisfactory price for a house because it is the scene of persistent psychic phenomena. In addition it is haunted by tenants.

Racial Discrimination

"An amendment designed to 'keep out old civil servants who were about to retire' was debated by the Commons Standing Committee in the Iron and Steel Bill to-day."—*Evening paper.*

Parents of some Scunthorpe schoolboys who were caned for playing truant have protested to the local education authority. The boys, we understand, declined to stage a sit-down strike.

It is announced that a father and mother, accompanied by their children, will leave this country in the New Year to settle on a desert island. We suppose it is too much to hope that they are the Switch Family Robinson.



The Incitatus Inquiry

SOME rude remarks made by a correspondent about Caligula's famous horse have compelled me to give the whole problem in the form of a questionnaire, to which I endeavour to make full and frank answers, according to the best of my ability. The Questioner is to be regarded as a pestilential kind of person wearing an academic gown, while the Answerer has placed on his head a tall pointed cap with a pom-pom at the top.

Q. In your statement last week you endeavoured to convey the impression that this old Roman horse Incineratus—

A. Incitatus—

Q. Incitatus—To give the impression that this old Roman horse which lived in a marble stable was not only appointed consul by the Emperor but actually functioned in that capacity during debates in the Senate House.

A. You may put it that way if you please.

Q. Have you any reason whatsoever outside the figment of a disordered brain for adopting this view of the behaviour of this animal?

A. None, Mr. Questioner, except my strong feeling that horses should be nationalized.

Q. All horses?

A. Certainly, all horses, but especially learned and talented horses. I have seen horses pick letters out of the alphabet, and I have seen horses dance. I hope before I die to hear a horse croon.

Q. In a circus perhaps.

A. Most of all in a circus. I take the view that the circus should be nationalized, not only the human performers but all the performers, from the largest elephants to the smallest fleas. The advantage of having nationalized fleas—

Q. This is taking us outside the scope of our present inquiry. You have said in your statement that the name of this horse which was made consul and drank wine out of a golden pail—

A. Goblet.

Q. I accept goblet. That the name of this horse occurs frequently in the body of English letters, especially in a publication which you call the *Pastern Letters*. I suggest that this statement of yours is totally untrue.

A. If the body of English letters could be brought into court, Mr. Questioner—

Q. It shall be done to-morrow. I will take you to a further point. You mention in your statement that in turning over some old papers you found a copy of certain verses originally published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*—

A. I may have done.

Q. I put it to you that this part of your statement is entirely devoid of truth, that you turned over no papers, that you found no verses but invented the whole deplorable rigmarole out of your own ridiculous head.

A. You are putting it too strongly, Mr. Questioner.

Q. Can you name any line or lines in those verses which were not written by yourself and by yourself alone?

A. There is the line "I remember, I remember"; that was written by the Lord Shelley.

Q. Was it indeed? Assuming that the rest of these

verses or the greater part of them were entirely of your own composition, am I wrong in imputing to you the suggestion that this old horse desired a simple country life, regretted the farm on which he had been reared as an infant, and was fatigued by the pomp and splendours of Rome; and that this suggestion, which has passed unrecorded by Latin historians, is utterly without basis except in your own febrile brain?

A. Mr. Questioner, how dare you! Would you like to live in a marble stable with an ivory manger and have to drink wine?

Q. The point is not what I should like but what you have said. I am asking you whether you have any authority whatsoever for stating that this old horse, while dealing with senatorial business or feeding in a marble stable, longed to return to the simplicity of a country life, or that any such thoughts passed through his mind. Answer yes or no.

A. Mr. Questioner, you puzzle me. I remember a horse named Black Beauty—

Q. We are not dealing with a horse named Black Beauty. We are dealing with a horse named Cincinnatus—

A. Incitatus.

Q. Incitatus. I will leave that point. You have not answered my main question, which is simply this: Did you or did you not find those verses, or did you write them yourself?

A. It is sometimes very hard to say whether one has written a thing oneself, or borrowed it and altered it, Mr. Questioner.

Q. I notice that you seem to find that difficulty. You realize the importance not merely of knowing what you wrote yourself but of making it absolutely clear to the reader whether the statement you make is the truth or a lie?

A. If we take the case of a play such as *Hamlet*, Mr. Questioner—

Q. We are not dealing with *Hamlet*; we are dealing with a grand old horse which was a respected and reputable official of the Roman Government. In the mouth or the mind of this old horse you have placed sentiments, I submit, for which there is no reliable authority, and you have tried to father these statements on an imaginary writer who never existed at all. Finally you say that a representation of this horse, engaged in weeping and drinking wine, was found on a terra cotta vase unearthed in the ruins of Herculaneum. Is that a fact or a fable?

A. Have you ever seen the ruins of Herculaneum, Mr. Questioner?

Q. It seems to me that it comes to this: that you are totally incapable of giving a plain answer to a plain question. I am putting it to you that this horse Acidulatus—

A. Incitatus.

Q. That no representation of this fine, gifted old horse has ever been found in any shape or form in the ruins of any city in the world.

A. Mr. Questioner, my old horse—

Q. I am not your old horse.

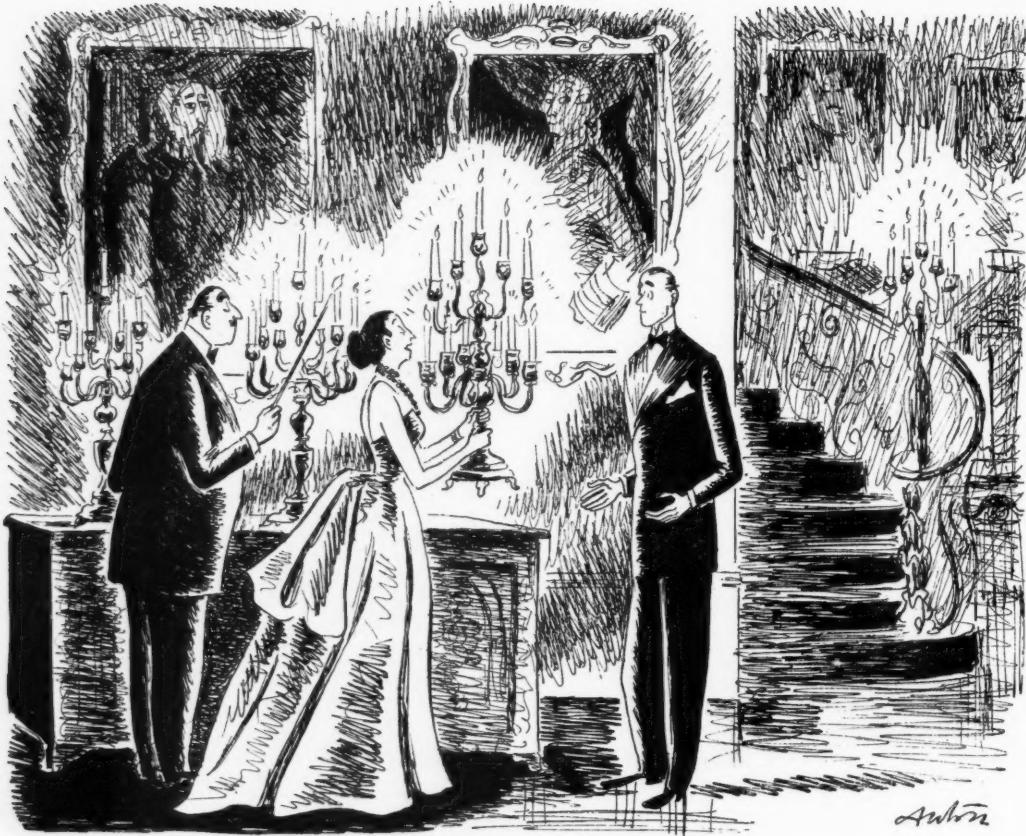
A. I only wish you were, Mr. Questioner. Shall we call it a day, if you please, and wish now a Merry Christmas to all?

EVOE.



UNREGISTERED CUSTOMERS ONLY

[Argentina has failed up to the present to maintain her agreed shipments of meat to this country.]



"Good night, Mr. Jones—you must forgive our primitive ways."

Lament for the Club

THEY have closed down the club at Sanzala
 Where I met her that June,
 When together we breathlessly waited
 For the tardy monsoon.
 The rooms where we talked are all empty
 And the hall where we danced,
 Weeds cover the drive where our ponies
 Cavorted and pranced.
 Gone are the baize-covered tables
 From the card-room upstairs,
 The flower-pots from off the verandah—
 And the wicker-work chairs.

They have wound up the club at Sanzala,
 They have paid all the bills,
 And sent off the Abdar on pension
 To his home in the hills.
 The pictures have all been disposed of
 In the Sadhar Bazaar,
 The P. & O. prints from the passage—
 "Sporting Scenes" from the bar,
 The theatrical group of the 'eighties,
 (In *Sweethearts for Life*)
 And the three water-colours of Simla
 By the Governor's wife.

They have done with the club at Sanzala—
 Not wanted to-day!
 The library books were bought cheaply
 By a firm in Bombay—
 The Dubois, the incomplete Hickey
 (The ants had had half),
 Bound *Statesmen*, "An Indian Garden"
 And the Kiplings (in calf).
 It is done with, and who will be mourner?
 Who is there to know
 That we loved and were gay there so many
 Hot weathers ago?

In the derelict club at Sanzala,
 The lizards will crawl
 With no one to stay their advances
 All over the wall—
 From the rack where we eagerly crowded
 To look for our mail,
 To the board where we advertised puppies
 And harness for sale.
 The rains will come in more each season,
 And the whitewash turn brown,
 And no lights appear when the darkness
 Comes suddenly down.

Unaccountable Creatures

MY advice to men who noticed some hints on "Beauty Treatment for a Cold" in the *Daily Telegraph* the other day and may be thinking of trying the treatment themselves is, in a monosyllable, Don't.

The fact is that the hints are intended for women, as the article makes clear in the very first sentence, and for this reason I do not propose to take legal action against the editor of the *Telegraph*. But there are occasions, particularly at this season of parties, floral whist-drives, gala debates in the village hall, and so on, when even a man may reasonably wish to look his best, and I do not see that I am to be blamed for not knowing that what is a kindly foundation powder for the goose is death and derision for the gander. The point of the kindly foundation powder is to give a glow to the skin and so cover up that "wan, patchy look." I had a wan, patchy look all right. In fact when I looked in the glass I doubted very much whether Mrs. Crowe would admit me to her Progressive Games in my present condition; she might reasonably object that her guests would be unable to concentrate with such a death's-head at their elbow—and concentration, as anybody who has tried to pick up grains of rice with a hair-pin knows, is vital at progressive games.

I wish to make it quite clear that I did not attempt to make myself more handsome than I normally am. Such a procedure would have been blameworthy and unmanly, though the First Gentleman in Europe did it *and wore* corsets, which were not at that time free. I intended only to sublimate my cold to a point at which I might hope to be admitted without reproach to Mrs. Crowe's party, much as a man suffering from measles might use grease-paint to enable him to attend the wedding of a favourite niece. I see no harm in that. Plenty of people have inked their underclothing before now, in order to neutralize a moth hole in the trousers, and the use of chalk on evening collars which have been in contact with razor cuts is far more widespread than is generally realized. Let us face the facts, in heaven's name, and put a stop to all this throwing of stones in glass houses.

When I had applied the kindest powder foundation I could contrive (three of flour to one of red pepper gives as quick a glow to the skin as anything else I tried) I hunted about for a little cream rouge, which should be dabbed on, says "a well-known beauty specialist," rather high up on the cheek-bones. The idea of this is to "make the eyes look larger and take away the dull look." There was no cream rouge in the house, and I was forced to use a preparation of my own which, as I cannot honestly recommend it, I do not propose to specify. The effect is to make the eyes look larger, certainly, but without removing the dull look, so that the outside observer, who is ignorant of the effect intended, merely sees twice the acreage of dead fish he would otherwise have had to put up with. I cannot see the advantage of this.

I did not follow the *Daily Telegraph* any farther. "For the early stages of a cold," the well-known beauty specialist goes on, "a colourless liquid can be applied to the nose . . ." This seems to me, if I may say so without offence, to be piling Pelion on Ossa, carrying coals to Newcastle and, in a roundabout way, teaching fishes to swim. One is supposed, what is more, to put powder on top of it, "in the usual way." I don't know, to be honest, what is the usual way to put powder on top of a colourless liquid, whether on or off the nose, but even I can see that the result is bound to be a thickish paste of the kind used to stick coloured postcards in scrap-albums. Thus equipped, one's

nose might well be a formidable and useful weapon, infinitely better than a hair-pin, for instance, at picking up grains of rice, but one has to take into account the sacrifice of dignity. I decided to do nothing to my nose beyond blowing it as unobtrusively as possible from time to time.

After the trouble I had taken it was upsetting to be greeted by my hostess, on her very doorstep, with the words "Why, what a shocker code you have, Mr. E—."

"On the contrary, dear lady," I began, and then, noticing how enormous her eyes looked in the softly-lighted hall, I decided to cast concealment to the winds. "I see we are both readers of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mrs. Crowe," I said in a low voice.

She affected to be at a loss to understand me.

"The higher up the cheek-bones glow, the larger grow the eyes," I said, accompanying the words with a meaning look from my own huge if lack-lustre orbs.

"Are you quite well?" she demanded, drawing herself up.

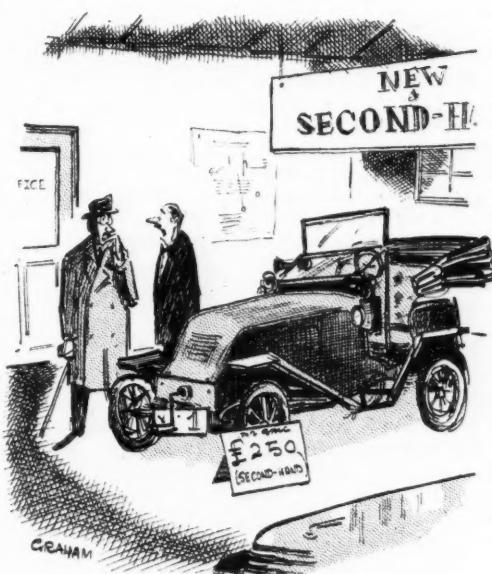
"No," I said, determined by this time to let her know where we both stood: "I am in the early stages of a cold, as you rightly guessed—aided, no doubt, by the omission, on *my* part that is, to put paste on my nose. Red pepper alone—"

She interrupted me with so imperious a gesture that I saw that only a full explanation would suffice to save the day.

"Mrs. Crowe," I said earnestly, "please believe me when I say that no impertinence is intended. But happening to notice your kindly foundation—"

I could not help asking myself, as I made my lonely way down the drive, why, if I, a man, was prepared to make no secret of the little artifices my state of health had forced me to adopt, should *she*, a woman—and a well-built one at that—be contumacious and evasive. But women are unaccountable creatures.

H. F. E.



"... and I can tell you they've made nothing quite so good since."

At the Pictures

Red River—You Gotta Stay Happy—It's Hard to be Good

"IN 25 Years Only Three!" is the mysterious phrase adopted to advertise *Red River* (Director: HOWARD HAWKS); I can't discover exactly what this is intended to mean. It appears



[Red River]

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN

Matthew Garth MONTGOMERY CLIFT
Thomas Dunston JOHN WAYNE

that the other two, "in twenty-five years," were *The Covered Wagon* and *Cimarron*; presumably the idea is that *Red River* is the only other picture in a quarter of a century to approach their commanding stature — but whether that's the idea or not, no one can pretend that it has been expressed. I have seen *The Covered Wagon* and *Cimarron* in my time, but I don't (I hate to mention this) retain anything but a vague impression of stampedes; *Red River* gives us another. In twenty-five years only three stampedes? Hardly; it sounds like a recommendation to an insurance company . . . Enough of this disingenuous show of puzzlement. *Red River* is a good old Western, exceedingly well done in all departments; anyone who likes Westerns will enjoy it, and it has much to offer even those not greatly interested in them. Apart from the magnificent spectacular scenes, what I liked most was the admirable acting and direction of the small, conversational shots of two or three characters talking or arguing together. Not often, I think, are these two different kinds of merit found in the same picture.

Before *You Gotta Stay Happy* (Director: H. C. POTTER) has gone

very far, one begins to think it is a remake of *It Happened One Night*. The rich bride walks out on her stuffed-shirt husband and attaches herself to a poorer but more dramatic character (it was enough for Clark Gable to be a tough reporter, but there have been too many reporters, so JAMES STEWART has to be the ex-Air Force pilot of a cargo 'plane); and the old man-sleeps-on-couch routine comes in, of course. At the end, money — after there has been a half-hearted nod to the idea that it causes a lot of trouble — is allowed to settle everything happily. A typical commercial "crazy comedy,"

in fact, full of the most calculated and cynical poor-man-rich-girl hokum. And yet I think that even those who are most exacting in their demands that the cinema should always have lofty and serious aesthetic aims will have a hard job not to be thoroughly amused and entertained. Mr. STEWART has no trouble with his quite straightforward part, EDDIE ALBERT gives a delightful portrait of the pawky co-pilot, and JOAN FONTAINE is beautiful, appealing and undecided as the classy dame (instantly recognized by the more worldly of the two aviators as "strictly four-engine stuff").

Not having heard very good reports of *It's Hard to be Good* (Director: JEFFREY DELL), I was late in going to see it; and perhaps the fact that I quite enjoyed it may be partly explained by my

impatience and boredom with the half-hour which was all I could stand of another film the Press show of which I'd been to that morning. To be sure, parts of this very slight story about a young ex-officer who tried to "spread good-will" are a bit obvious and skitish; but I'd infinitely rather put up with that in a cheerful, well-acted comedy with an idea and many good lines than sit through a more expensive and more advertised piece in which two or three stars go through a set of dreary cliché-situations without putting a foot wrong. What one remembers, I think, are the small things (the credibly comic little scene in which JIMMY HANLEY battles with a long-distance 'phone call, the off-hand spiv-talk of the ex-sergeant who is now looking after number one); one can overlook the occasional over-emphasis on "easy" effects and the fact that ANNE CRAWFORD tends sometimes to be a bit too roguish. The exasperations of family life are farcically exaggerated, but not in a crude way, and though the characters are basically types, they aren't offensively hackneyed types. Whimsy and all, the film is much more enjoyable than the tepid reviews might lead you to believe. R. M.



[You Gotta Stay Happy]

SIREN SUIT JOAN FONTAINE
Dee Dee Dillwood

Ode on the Condition of the Motion-Picture Industry

KEEP on hearing how terrible everything is
In the motion-picture, movie, or cinema biz.
The trade
Is afraid—
Studios idle and dank—
Chaps redundant,
Bills abundant,
And not too much in the bank.
The "angels" don't fly about so free as they useter:
In fact, the "angel" 's becoming a bit of a rooster.
For either a picture costs so much
That profit's a thing with which you are scarcely in touch;
Or else it's simple and swift and cheap,
The critics yell and the people sleep.
(In fact, there's a law, believe it or not,
That a film is no good at all unless it costs a deuce of a lot).
So funds are down to their absolute minima,
Except for the fellow who owns the cinema;
And even he can never relax
Because of the Entertainment Tax.
And, mind you, it isn't only the ignorant English who
wander lost in the jolly wood:
Things aren't so hotsy-totsy in intellectual Hollywood.
Stars
Are selling their cars,
Or letting the swimming-pool;
And it's hard to bear,
For the trouble there
Is due to a plot by our Board of Trade, as a rule.
Oh, well, of course, I'm sorry. In fact, I'm crying.
But I dry my tears
When I think of the poor old Theatre, always dying—
Been dead for years!
Killed by the gramophone, killed by the radio,
Killed by the talkies ever so long ago!
But nobody seemed to care:
Well, anyhow, nobody tore his hair.
"It's Progress," they said, "it's like the canals and the
railways;
We can't forever go on in the same old snail-ways."
So in spite of the moans and groans
There were no big Bills in the Legislature
About Government (Theatre) Loans,
Quotas, Institutes, Corporations, and aids of that nature.
"Save Shaftesbury Avenue" was not a grouse
That went for much in the Commons' House.
And, although a good many people in the profession were
frantic,
It never caused international trouble across the Atlantic.
No Mr. Johnston paid
Calls on the Board of Trade;
No Mr. Rank was seen
Rushing across in the Queen.
I wonder now what's likely to be the sequel
If a manager says "Things ought to be fair and equal".
I say, I hesitate now to estimate how many blows
A chap like me would get if he dared to propose

A British Theatre (Quota) Bill to keep down
The number of American plays in London Town.
Ha, ha!
If I did say a thing like that, of course, I should grieve,
For Free Trade in the Arts is a thing in which I believe.
But you see what I mean,
Old bean?
There's another thought that makes me giggle and bellow:
In the Theatre some folk can hardly say anything too bad
about the "commercial" fellow,
The man who risks £15,000 to put on a new show
By a live British author which is by no means certain to go;
And if it does, at the best, it may well be six months (or
menses)
Before he can hope to recover his capital expenses;
But all the time the Treasury is taking its whack from the till,
Not so much as it did—due thanks to Sir Stafford—but still.
But if you choose
To produce in a mews
Some bawdy piece by the Restoration hacks,
Paying no royalty—and, by the way, no tax,
Why, that is Art, superior far,
And the more you lose the better you are.
However, in the film-world, to be "commercial"
Is not, for some reason, so controversial,
Especially if you pay
In the U.S.A.
For then we lend you a mass of money and tell you to
earn some dollars, if you can,
A thing which has never been done, so far as I know, for
a mere theatrical man.
Nevertheless, the poor old Theatre totters along,
And maybe the folk who thought it a bit old-fashioned
were wrong.
Which brings me back to the broad high road
Of this unusual but instructive Ode.
In all this chatter and hot debate
Concerning the motion-picture industry's state—
What exactly it is that causes
Prosperity's most noticeable pauses,
Too many stars—not enough quota—
Or the disagreeable impact of the English accent
on places like Minnesota—
One would suppose that the movies were like the Rock of
Gibraltar,
A permanent feature that not even a Bevan would venture
to alter.
But the human race, you know, is a bit ungrateful:
It keeps on changing its mind—and that is hateful.
Remember there once was a law against cricket,
For the chaps were neglecting their archery and the
State couldn't stick it.
Well, where are the bows and arrows now?
Don't think I'm eager to start a row,
But one small word I never have heard
Among the sighs and strictures—
Some of the chaps, and their women, perhaps,
Are tired of going to the pictures. A. P. H.



"Got everything you want, sir—health, happiness, prosperity?"

Reflections

THIS article is a get-together of random thoughts, as those readers inured to literary turns of phrase will have guessed; and, having mentioned literature, I shall begin with book-titles. It will have been noticed by a great many people that one of the most popular kinds of title nowadays is the quotation, or bit of one, from some poet. I should like to give an example, if only to show what a bit of a quotation, rather than a whole one, looked like, but that would risk picking on an actual book title. My readers will get the idea, however, by taking a *Hamlet* soliloquy and choosing two or three adjacent words and seeing if the result might not well be a modern novel. Very probably it is. Nobody knows exactly when this custom began; obviously after Shakespeare, and equally obviously after the days of what are called classics. Scott, for example, and *Robinson Crusoe*. (I hope all this is not too difficult for my readers.) However it began, the point is that an awful lot of books have titles which, viewed dispassionately, are downright odd, and that people are surprised by finding the names of novels they know embedded in poems they don't, which educationists say is the wrong way round.

There is also the title which, quotation or not, has nothing whatever to do with the book, and it is significant of the public's adaptability that it never expects a high-class title to have much to do with the inside of a novel, but sometimes you get it looking at the book afterwards and thinking quietly over the print. There is also the title

composed of a single noun, sometimes with a striking adjective attached, from which the usual "the" has been deliberately left out. Again, nobody knows how this began, but historians say that they suspect the invention of telegrams, hurrying and cleverness. I must point out that cleverness is a very modern invention; some old-time writers may have thought they were being clever, but all they seem now is quaint, or typical of their age. Sub-titles, by the way, are not nearly as fashionable as they were—that is something else which many will have noticed—but there are enough already for quiz-setters to catch people out with for years to come.

SUPPOSE we turn now to real life and think for a bit about socks. I know that it is not possible to make such a suggestion without setting half my readers worrying about darning and some of the other half thinking about worrying the worriers, and actually it was darning I was going to mention. This is a process so closely connected with simple hand-weaving that sociologists wonder which led to the other, but unlike hand-weaving it aims at nothing more than the *status quo*, a Latin expression meaning (for the moment) a sock back in circulation and proof for ever against further holes. I do not think I need describe the darning process itself, but when I say that it is the wiggling, the pulling through of the wool and the constant adjusting of the sock that make it so very characteristic of itself, I have more or less done so. It would be nice to give a little piece of print to the people who buy socks for others; like tie-buyers, they have a difficult time trying to combine the wearers' known theories with what they see before them, though nothing like the same troubles. People who buy ties are hampered by a background of well-justified jokes and by not quite knowing where a safe Paisley pattern ends and a riot begins. Industrial experts tell us that the kindly patience of tie-sellers has never been fully recognized, except by the customers arguing themselves back to the tie they first rejected.

NOW for a department of humanity that has never been fully recognized by anyone but itself. This might, I know, be one of a tremendous number of departments, but I am going to concentrate on what I may call the home stooges, those people who find suddenly that their next few days or even weeks consist of standing about holding hammers, knives, tape-measures and tin-tacks while their chiefs lay the linoleum, fix the shelves, nail up the pelmets and so on. This sort of work is exacting and energy-demanding to an extent which the people doing the real work would consider a nice rest; it entails holding a tape-measure straight—a job which the law of perspective does nothing to help—being a spirit-level, judging distances between hypothetical nails, saying nothing about the bit by the wall which the linoleum would not have reached anyhow, restraining sudden impulses to have the room another colour and not starting any other job, even when given time off, which cannot be dropped every few seconds.

Work like this means a lot of argument—not perhaps exactly argument and not exactly discussion—which is best defined as getting one result out of two opinions, and it has one very interesting feature: the inability of two moderately articulate humans to express themselves clearly, indeed at all. You get one of them saying something about that thing there, the other saying what thing? and getting the answer "that thing there," which is what the answerer means but not the asker. But language, with all its limitations, is equal even to this task, and sooner or later communication is always established, if only by pointing.

ANDE.

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

I HAVE not, I think, mentioned my cousin, Bates Jenkins, because it is an old family custom not to mention him; but there has been one incident in his life which deserves exhumation and this Belle-Lettre is going to exhume it. After all, it is the function of relatives to provide copy where they do not provide legacies, and Bates is not a man upon whom even the most optimistic would pin expectations.

At the age of twenty-three he had little to distinguish him from the beasts of the field. Thick, blond and ruminative, he spent his days telling in a private bank—Old Snogsby and Twins—and his nights in the pursuit of seismology. His apparatus, books balanced on open doors, was simple and ineffective: his scientific standing was not high. One summer he went on holiday to a seaside town where he had heard that a conference of seismologists was being held, hoping to worm himself in. The committee, however, knew of this plan and detailed several stewards to stand at the ready and ward him off with contumely and, if necessary, chairs. There was something about his blunt persistence, his refusal to take "no" as a negative, which brought out the worst in savants. The Royal Society had already gratuitously announced that they would not be responsible for the debts he claimed he owed them, and the University College of Swindon had forcibly conferred on him an Honorary Pass Degree.

As Bates Jenkins was finishing a lonely dinner on his first evening, a girl who had been toying with a tapioca mould sent a note across by a waiter. It read: "I am in sore distress. Be my knight and oblige. Eight-thirty outside the Town Hall. Hoping that this does not find you as it leaves me at present, Sheila Cheal (Miss, B.Sc.)." He was very thrilled to have a scientist actually wanting to know him, and waited impatiently. When the town clock's north face said half-past eight, even though it was striking seven, he was at the rendezvous, to find Miss Cheal holding a large paper parcel and looking worried but winsome. She clutched his sleeve feverishly and led him into a portico, casting timid glances behind her. He asked what was the matter, which led her to hush him vigorously. He did not much care for being hushed, but instinct told him this was no time to stand on etiquette. She then handed him the parcel, which she bade him deliver to the President of the Conference at nine o'clock. Just as he was preparing to question her she placed a finger to his lips and glided away.

The parcel felt heavy and ticked. It seemed probable that it was a bomb. On the other hand it might have been a presentation clock. Rather ungallantly he opened the wrappings and found an amateurish infernal machine, with the maker's name, "McChlochly," stamped on the base, though this, he considered, was probably a *nom de guerre*. For the first time in his life Bates was faced with a dilemma, his school having neglected this important branch of his education. The assignment certainly did provide him with an entrée into a circle hitherto closed to him, even if merely as a messenger. On the other hand, to blow up the circle would hardly make him *persona grata*. Of course, if damage were widespread, seismologists of any kind might acquire a rarity value; but it did not look as if the bomb would be very thorough in its operation. He hovered dubiously for a little until it occurred to him that eventually it would go off and that if he were still holding it he would go off with it.

Suddenly he realized that this adventure, for so he loosely termed it, might be turned to his advantage. He

trotted at once to a rocky slope which stretched up behind the Conference Hall and pushed the bomb well down under a mass of boulders. Then he returned to the scene of his rebuffs and sent in a message to say that he predicted a small earthquake for nine sharp, and wondered that none of the experts present had done the same. When a steward returned to say that the prediction had been pooh-poohed by a two-thirds majority he retired to a safe distance and waited, smirking furiously.

By ten-thirty he was feeling worried, for he could hear the closing scenes of the session and the seismologists sounded not only safe but carefree as they sang "Popacatapetl is a Red Hot Poppa," and other old favourites, so he returned to the cache to see what had happened. He could hear the machine ticking steadily and happily away, as if on a hob, and impatiently he stretched his arm into the crevice to pull it out. There was a loud bang and a quantity of debris slid down, almost smothering him. His hand felt a sharp stinging sensation which made him wince. He scrambled back and watched the cliffside continue its stately glissade, then rushed excitedly back to the Conference Hall, where there was a scene of great activity, with seismologists oiling their seismographs, studying the local geological map with furrowed brows and lying with their ears pressed against the ground.

As he sauntered forward, expecting kudos and perhaps a medal, the mysterious damsel accosted him with shrill yaps. "That was the only bomb I had and you must go and muck about with it," she snapped. "It was set to go off at ten-thirty. That would have given the President time to send it to the police and then my fiancé, an expert in the pay of the local constabulary, would have dismantled it and earned promotion. I know it was not very well made, but he had never seen one before." With a pout of disdain she turned on her heel and rejoined a frustrated-looking man who was idly tapping a small file on a chisel.

Slightly dashed, Bates Jenkins advanced into the centre of the scientists, only to be greeted by growls and sneers. "Call yourself a seismologist," jeered the President, beckoning to a steward. "You were an hour and a half out."

The only bright spot in the whole story is that my cousin was never the same man again.



"Hockey? No, bridge."

No Performance on Christmas Day

IT is in a sense the Child's Christmas Party. Uncle Henry, Aunt Joyce, Uncle Rupert and Aunt Caroline—it is because of the child that they have all been invited.

What hunting and searching there has been in the stores for weeks before-hand!

"It's so difficult to find anything that he isn't sure to have already."

But in the end it has somehow been done.

Uncle Henry has found the very thing—a bulldozer, a real true-to-life bulldozer, which works. It worked in the shop and it worked when he tried it out one evening in his dressing-room, on an evening when Aunt Joyce was out playing bridge.

Uncle Rupert has found the very thing too—a dredging-machine, which

really dredges. He had always wanted to know how a dredging-machine worked and now the kind shopman has shown him. He, too, has tried it out one night at home, just to make sure. It made rather a mess on the carpet.

And here they all are, arriving on Christmas Eve. What winking and shuffling and tip-toeing upstairs! Upstairs, what moving of chairs and climbing on to them, to hide the presents on top of wardrobes!

Risky, if you are the size of Uncle Rupert.

But you can't be too careful. The child might get into a bedroom and find its present before Christmas morning. Which would be disaster indeed.

And here after tea on Christmas Eve is the child itself.



"Is it any use telling you we're hungry?"

Uncle Henry asks the critical question:

"Had a lot of Christmas presents, old boy?"

What tension, as the child's answer is anticipated!

The child says "I got a pocket in my trousers."

It evidently does not understand. So the question is asked again.

Again the child says with pride "I got a pocket in my trousers."

It demonstrates the fact, extracting from it seven chestnuts. It holds them up with pride and satisfaction.

"Chesnuts," it says.

"Chestnuts," Uncle Rupert corrects it. Uncle Rupert is a pedagogue and very good at correcting young people.

"Chesnuts," the child says firmly.

"How many?" Uncle Henry asks. He is a banker, and figures interest him.

The child says "Five."

Uncle Henry is shocked.

He takes one chestnut and asks "How many?"

The child says "Five."

Uncle Henry very firmly says "One."

"One," the child repeats with interest.

Uncle Henry takes a second chestnut and now holds two in his hand. He asks "How many?"

"Five," the child says with assurance.

Uncle Henry sighs, and decides to start again. He holds out one chestnut and says "How many?"

The child very firmly says "Five."

Its mother decides that it is the child's bedtime.

* * * * *
And now it is Christmas morning and the presents are piled on the breakfast table. The child's is naturally the biggest pile of all.

The child is elated. It starts, very slowly, to undo the knot of the first parcel.

The suspense is unendurable.

Uncle Henry, whose nerves break down first, says "Let Uncle Henry cut it with a knife, old boy."

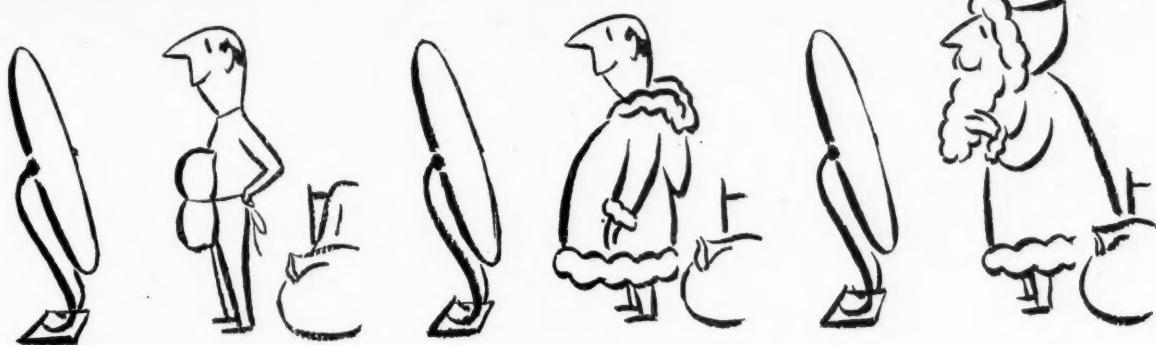
The child protests at the idea; it is very near to tears.

Its mother explains that it has a passion for string.

It is all too clear, as time goes on, that the child is far more interested in untying the parcels than in finding what is inside them.

Uncle Henry and Uncle Rupert do their best to hide their disappointment. It looks as if they are not going to have a chance of playing with their toys, no chance at all.

* * * * *
The mother knows all too well that



her child is a spoilt child and hopes that nobody notices at lunch that there is not quite as much chestnut stuffing in the turkey as there would be if she dared remove from the child the seven chestnuts which it took on the previous afternoon from the kitchen table.

* * * * *
Christmas Day, after tea. The child's father, under instruction from the child, has spent the afternoon boring holes in the chestnuts. The child has divided its string neatly into seven equal pieces and has tied a piece of string to each of the seven chestnuts.

It is Father Christmas, and the seven chestnuts are reindeer.

After which it is fishing, and the seven chestnuts are fish.

And then they become people. A fat one, bursting at the seams, is Uncle Rupert. A scraggy one is Uncle Henry. Another is Aunt Joyce, another Aunt Caroline. Two are Mummy and Daddy. And the seventh is the child itself.

The chestnut which is Uncle Rupert is a hundred and fifty years old.

The mother shivers with apprehension. There are still ten minutes to go before the child's bed-time.

If only it could be interested in bulldozing or dredging.

It can't. It hasn't the imagination. Or it has far too much.

In vain does Uncle Henry demonstrate the working of the bulldozer.

In vain does Uncle Rupert demonstrate the working of the dredger.

The child is now using the chestnut which is itself to chastise the chestnut which is Uncle Rupert. "Silly Uncle Rupert," it exclaims, gleefully, with each blow.

The mother sighs.

Uncle Rupert, after all, is very rich, and has no children.

Uncle Henry is very rich, too; and he has no children either.

* * * * *
After breakfast on Boxing Day the guests leave; Uncle Rupert and Aunt Caroline in one car, Uncle Henry and Aunt Joyce in another.

Uncle Rupert is still feeling very sore about being denied the chance of playing with the dredger. It is the fault of the child's parents, he says bitterly. If they don't give it toys and teach it how to play with them, how can it learn anything?

At the same time Uncle Henry in another car is remembering sadly how much he had to pay for the bulldozer.

With the keen business sense of a skilful banker he asks "How much do chestnuts cost?"

Aunt Joyce tells him.

"I suppose one can always get them?" he asks. . . .

And the child?

It has forgotten about the chestnuts, forty-eight hours being, in its view, a long enough time for remembering anything. And now, free from interfering uncles and aunts, master at last of its own fate, it is alone in its nursery, happily dredging and bulldozing. And its mother, who has sighed a lot in the previous forty-eight hours, sighs again and sighs heavily. She will write at once to Uncle Rupert and to Uncle Henry to tell them of the child's delight in its Christmas presents. But she knows already it will be no use. They will never believe her.

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Deep in the Heart of Taxes

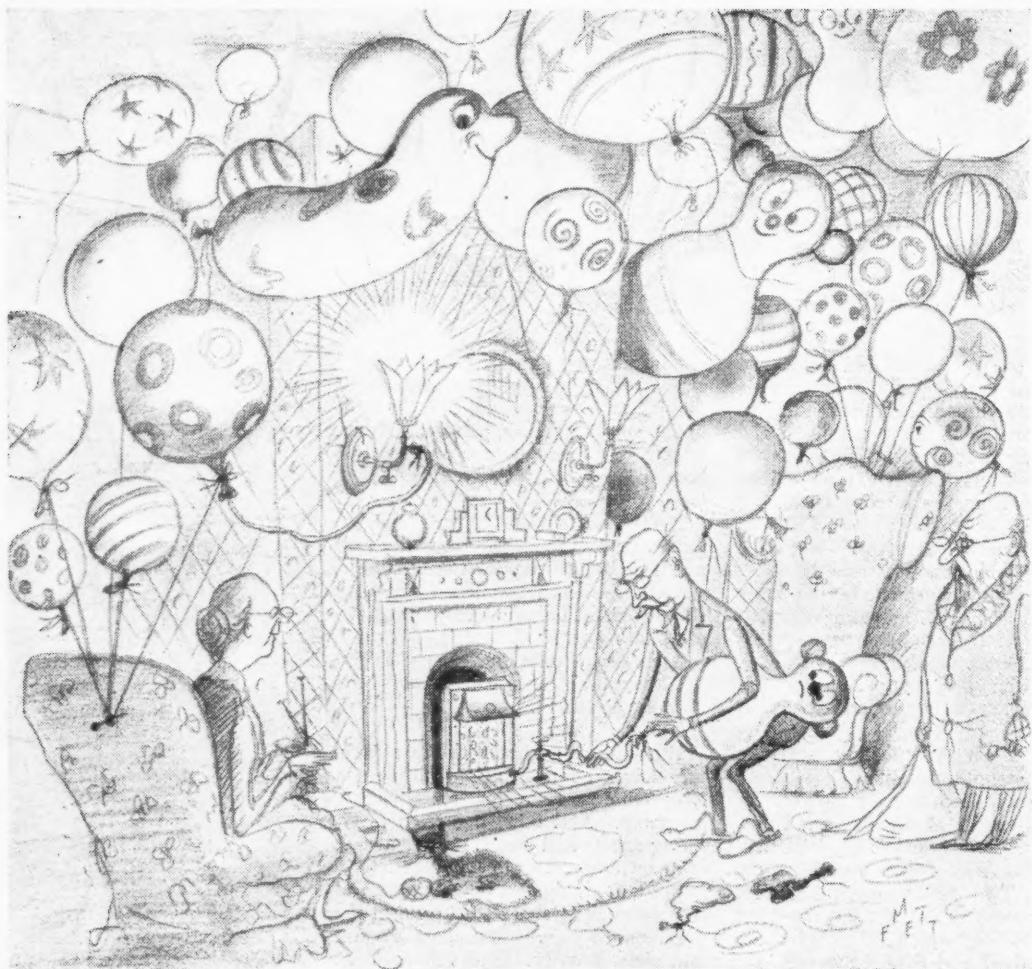
THE year grows old,
The draught blows cold
Deep in the heart of Taxes.

M'blood grows chill,
With every bill,
Deep in the heart of Taxes.

Git 'long, Sir Cripps,
With yo' jugglin' chips,
I'll give you what you axes,

And go right straight
To the workhouse gate
Deep in the heart of Taxes.
V. G.





"We're taking no chances with the gas pressure this winter."

The Old Story

IT was an ancient wife, as black as pitch,
Wrinkled like bog-oak, wandering of eye;
She sat at morning in a reedy ditch
And told me stories while the world rolled by.

And I was weary of her dismal tales,
But sheer politeness kept me rooted there;
The people are so courteous in Wales,
I could not move; I did not even swear.

Over my boots the liquid mud went squelch,
Upon my head perched little forest birds;
If she had spoken other tongue but Welsh
I might perhaps have understood her words.

It was, maybe, some tale of Caradoc
Or of some battle fought in ancient days;
Or did she tell me how to knit a sock,
Or cook a trout a dozen different ways?

Or was it of the Saxon that she spoke,
Grim tale of conquest and of tyrant rule?
Or was she just describing how she broke
A copper warming-pan, or tamed a mule?

I weep for sorrow that I do not know
The Cymric tongue, that sounds so strange to me.
It was a story told me long ago;
Long was the tale; and I was late for tea.



DEAR DOCTOR CHRISTMAS

The Universal Provider

MONDAY, December 13th.

M—Lawyers, in certain cases, administer what are called "interrogatories" to their opponents before their cases come into Court. By this means they are sometimes enabled to build up a more formidable case of their own. Something of this technique entered into to-day's proceedings in the House of Commons. The debate was to be on food and the activities (or, as some thought, the lack of activities) of the Minister of Food, and the Question-paper was thick with questions to the Minister about all sorts of "relevant considerations."

So the Minister had to see that his answers (while, of course, strictly accurate) did not give *too* much ammunition to the other side. Mr. ROBIN TURTON, who was to open the debate for the Opposition, used his quota of three questions to extract information to add to his speech notes.

Mr. STRACHEY answered all the questions, and then sat back while Mr. TURTON delivered his broadsides. In due course Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, his Parliamentary Secretary, made the first reply—a reply which added nothing to the jollity of the occasion, for no food increases were promised and a cut in meat was foreshadowed.

Various Members offered their views on the food situation (and on the Minister), but none got a bigger cheer than Mrs. LEAH MANNING, who loudly expressed the opinion that the working man and woman had never been so well off as now, and that nearly every housewife had a nice little hoard of food ready for the Christmas festivities. An experienced listener (such as your scribe may claim to be) could detect in the cheers incredulity, irony, agreement and wonder—but not in equal proportions. Mrs. MANNING bowed with the pride of original authorship.

Many Members were more than a little startled to read a statement issued by a meat-traders' organization in which reference was made to "flogging a dead horse." Visions of barter in horse-meat were dispelled, however, when it became plain that the "dead horse" referred to was the Government's policy of bulk purchase, and the flagellation yet another example of the dangers of metaphor.

As a result of the debate, optimism was in short supply, and hope of better rations in the near future had gone under the counter, and the all-too-familiar notice: "Sorry, No Increase" was stuck on Mr. STRACHEY's door.

Shock tactics by the Opposition at

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, December 13th.—House of Commons: Food—

Tuesday, December 14th.—House of Lords:—Milk—
House of Commons:—and Drink.

Wednesday, December 15th.—House of Lords: Eire's Future.
House of Commons: Legal Aid.

Thursday, December 16th.—House of Commons: And so to
Christmas.

the end of the debate, when a division was unexpectedly forced, failed to disclose any black market in anti-Government M.P.s, and Mr. WHITELEY the Government Chief Whip, was able to register another victory.

TUESDAY, December 14th.—It was, perhaps, appropriate that a debate on food should be followed by one on drink, and Mr. HERBERT MORRISON,



Impressions of Parliamentarians

66. Mr. Buchan-Hepburn
(Liverpool, East Toxteth)

Leader of the House, had so arranged matters for to-day. The subject arose on the Bill put forward by the Government to give them a monopoly of the licensed trade in the "New Towns"—most of which are, at the moment, only castles in the air, but which, in times to come, will shelter many hundreds of thousands.

Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Home Secretary, who has to take the advice of his technical experts on the subject of drink, since he is an unbending teetotaler, moved the Bill, saying that it made for administrative convenience and efficiency. He denied that there was any question of "nationalizing" the trade, or that mine host would in future carry a dispatch-case, wear a

wing-collar and demand that all orders (last, or otherwise) should be given, in triplicate, on the relevant form.

Growing husky, Mr. EDE drank from a glass, and hastily explained that it was "only water." Col. ALAN GANDAR DOWER promptly offered him (and anyone else who cared) a glass of liquid from a barrel which (following the precedent set by the late Mr. Guy Fawkes) he had smuggled into the House. Members put on "I-thought-there-was-a-catch-in-it!" expressions as he added that the beer was State-manufactured and that only five Members had so far been brave—or thirsty—enough to try it.

Sir DAVID MAXWELL-FYFFE, moving the rejection of the Bill for the Conservatives, expressed fear that, in spite of assurances, Britain's pubs *would* be nationalized. Above all, apparently, he feared that the traditional architecture of our inns would give way to what he called the "Tiled Lavatorial" style. He did not like the prospect, he did not like the Bill, and he did not like the Government that presented it; least of all did he like State beer.

The debate that followed was not precisely a shout of triumph for the Government. Even those who supported the proposals praised them with faint damns, and one or two of the Government's supporters announced that they were against the Bill.

Mr. WHITELEY, irked by the disobedience of his flock to three-line Whips, had insured against a repetition of this embarrassing situation by issuing only a two-line (and much less imperative) Whip. This somewhat unconventional procedure in connection with a major Government Bill seemed to pay a dividend, for the Government vote on this Bill was considerably greater than that produced by a three-line Whip for the National Service Bill last week. The Second Reading was carried by 307 votes to 203—an Opposition figure which suggests that the three-line Whip has greater effect on that side of the House than on the Government side.

Their Lordships were talking about milk, the subject arising from a Bill to compel (eventually) very high standards of cleanliness in milk production. The Bill was passed, in spite of a hot protest from Lord TEVIORE that milk was a "very dangerous food."

Lord ADDISON, Leader of the House—who will have, in due time, to pilot the Bill about pubs—sighed as one who realizes, all too well, that it's impossible to please everybody.



"Once upon a time, long, long ago, there lived a little ape named . . ."

WEDNESDAY, December 15th.—Ireland, that magic word in Parliament, attracted a big attendance of Peers to their House, for Lord SIMON had given notice that he intended to ask what the Government proposed to do about Eire's determination to leave the Commonwealth. He pointed out that, whatever easy-going inhabitants of the United Kingdom thought about it, citizens of Eire were to be foreigners in the eyes of the law. And if Eire left the Commonwealth, then other foreign countries would have a legitimate grievance if we gave her better terms than we gave those entitled to "Most Favoured Nation" treatment.

Lord KILLANIN, in a speech that was heard with great interest, proclaimed himself a citizen of Eire (and, moreover, a resident of that country) with every intention of remaining both—a "Green passport Peer," he called himself. And what, he asked, was his position, in those circumstances, as a Peer of the United Kingdom and a "King's man" at that.

"We shall always," replied the Lord Chancellor gracefully, "be glad to see you and to benefit by your sage words. As for the Irish Representative Peers,

who are elected for life, they will gradually die out, since vacancies are not being filled."

As for the Most Favoured Nation point, that could wait until someone outside raised it—if they ever did.

In the matter of citizenship and other advantages of membership of the Commonwealth, there was nothing that could be done that would not hit the United Kingdom harder than it hit Eire. "I know," said Lord JOWITT, "it's not logical—but then, *nothing* in this situation is logical!"

On that basis, the matter was dropped.

The Commons, having heard from Mr. A. V. ALEXANDER, Minister of Defence, that the members of the Women's Services are to have a little more pay, passed on to a discussion on free legal aid for those who need it. This subject was placed before the House by Sir HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, the Attorney-General, who outlined a plan to give the aid (to an estimated twelve million prospective litigants) in all cases where shortage of cash might mean the denial of justice.

Surprisingly, this subject attracted the smallest attendance seen for a long time, and the wide open spaces on the

Floor must have puzzled the thronged public galleries. But the plan was approved without a division.

Their Lordships heard with regret of the impending resignation (through deafness caused by gun-blast) of The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Admiral Sir GEOFFREY BLAKE, whose traditional battering of the door of the House of Commons is an historic feature of Parliament's proceedings.

THURSDAY, December 16th.—Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN, Minister of Health, newly-back from a bout of flu, was in particularly aggressive form to-day. He rapped knuckles right and left, and at length a nervous Tory inquired whether he (the Minister) could make a "polite request" that something or other should be done. To which Mr. BEVAN replied testily: "I *cannot* make a polite request!" The roar of misunderstanding cheers that arose from the Opposition benches stopped the show for a long time. And even Mr. B. could not think of a comeback.

In such fashion the House moved to the end of this part of the session and adjourned until January 18th—next year.

Just Rest and Quiet

MY bed seemed as large as Siberia, and as remote. Beyond my feet were territories which would have taken a lifetime to explore. It was a bed to be proud of. It took off powerfully, and together we rose and floated. The big pink clouds we met smelt heavily of friar's balsam, and blazed with stars advertising the boluses which stood thickly on the table.

"The baker's been," they'd said. "The laundry won't come now. We shan't be long."

And "All right," I'd said. I should have said the same if they had told me they were going to move me to Australia or if the doctor had ordered me to drink plenty of warm carbolic. My bed and I soared on, spinning a little as we went. I supposed to give fair warning to other beds similarly adrift in the stratosphere a small bell rang steadily.

It went on ringing, until at last I reached over for the telephone.

"It is. Part of me is here. The other part is out roaming the cosmos."

"Your arm-chair's done."

"Well, it was only second-hand."

"I mean, it's covered."

"Not against fever, I take it?"

"Sorry?"

"Which insurance company are you, anyway?"

"We're the upholsterers. Would you like your chair sent out?"

"There couldn't be less hurry."

"We understood it was urgent."

"I don't expect to be needing an arm-chair for some years."

"Oh, dear."

"Have you ever had a white-hot steel band round your head and knitting-needles stuck in your back?"

"Sounds like flu."

"That's what they all say, but it wouldn't explain half of how I feel. I feel terrible, Miss —"

"Harbinger. You ought to be in bed, drinking lots of lemonade."

"I am."

"Mr. Mulholland's just come back from flu. He looks awful."

"How did he look before?"

"Oh, ever so much stronger."

"Do you think if I get dangerously lonely I could ring up Mr. Mulholland and have a talk about symptoms?"

"I'm sure he wouldn't mind. He's ever so sympathetic, Mr. Mulholland is."

"I'll remember."

I decided to shift my left leg from the Antarctic zone to the tropical belt beside the hot-water bottle. As it

weighed about as much as the *Queen Elizabeth* and seemed to stretch right out across the world the whole operation had to be planned carefully. Briefing my toes on what I had in mind was like speaking on a bad line to China. Thinking of which, I heard the bell ring again.

"Is that the Tilbury Teachers' Home?"

The medicine-bottles were dancing up and down in a wild prophylactic mazurka.

"It is," I answered dreamily.

"Can I speak to Miss Handspring?"

"Miss Handspring has just gone up in a balloon."

"But I was speaking to her only five minutes ago."

"It was on account of that that Miss Handspring went up in the balloon."

I turned my face to the wall. On it, messily spreaddled, was a mosquito I had socked some months before. I now regretted very much having socked this mosquito. It occurred to me as likely that I had cut short its life when it was on the threshold of some tremendous happiness. The battered remains symbolized for me much of the insupportable sadness which as never before I now felt to be inseparable from existence. I think I may have dozed a little, because the mosquito was alive again, the size of a grown elephant, and refusing to lie down in spite of the thunderous whacks I was giving it with a thermometer like a telegraph pole. And then, although I was awake, the whacks went on. Rallying my smouldering wits, I came to the conclusion that a giant of superhuman

vigour and ferocity was breaking down the front door.

However delicately poised one may be between life and what lies beyond there comes a time when knocking of this calibre has to be dealt with. Bit by bit I made the immeasurable journey to the window. A lorry stood in the lane, and a great raw-looking man on the lawn.

"Brought your paving-stones, mum," he bellowed.

The green woollen shawl I had wound about my head was no doubt confusing.

"How many paving-stones?" I asked.

"Why, the two tons you ordered."

"Do you think a well-warmed paving-stone pressed to the small of the back would be any good for flu?"

"Dunno, mum, I'm sure. You are Mrs. Sparrow, of Dogmer's Farm?"

"I am the Dowager Lady Worplesdon," I said, "and if you want something to tell your grandchildren I am a hundred and two. Point six."

When they came back they supposed I had had as good an afternoon as could be expected.

ERIC.

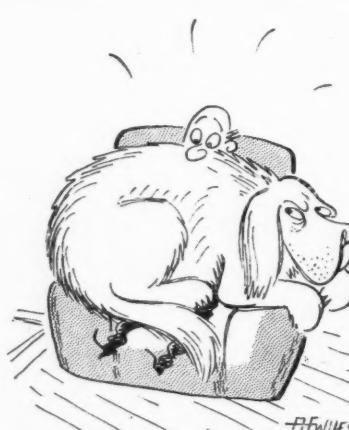
• • •

The Radio Dramatist

VIII

SINCE a radio play usually attracts a very large audience, it is essential that the greatest care should be taken to avoid saying anything in the least likely to give offence. If the hero is a dipsomaniac, for example, angry letters will be received from the teetotalers. Industrial chaos may well follow attempts to recruit villains from such occupations as transport, mining or iron and steel. If it is absolutely necessary to disclose the trade or profession of a villainous character, perhaps no great harm would be done by depicting him as a water-diviner. This would be a point to be decided by the Governors of the B.B.C. They are pretty shrewd, I imagine, and if they felt that a slur on water-diviners would be fiercely resented they would no doubt either reject the play, or after consulting the "listening curve" for water-diviners, present it at a time when the minimum risk would be run.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that villains, or indeed any characters who conduct themselves in an undesirable manner, should be taken from what I believe are known, for health and pensions purposes, as self-employed persons, and I have expressed this view in a letter to the



"I'm afraid that is Mervyn's chair, Mr. Harrow."

author of a play sent to me for criticism. The principal character is a woman harbour-master, and while it is no doubt true that these officials are not so numerous that an outcry would be raised should they be maligned in any way, yet there may well be a Society of Woman Harbour-masters who would feel bound to protest, and it is quite possible that the Housewives' League would consider it right to take some action. In this case the woman harbour-master, a Mrs. Fearn, in an attempt to rescue a great-uncle from a sinking ship, enters a lifeboat by force, strikes the captain, and addresses a provocative remark to the coxswain. The following extract from the dialogue will serve to illustrate the point. I have interpolated a few comments.

Week, week, week.

(I believe that I have hinted, in a previous article, that it is better to write an imitation of the sound-effect desired rather than to shelve the responsibility with "The hissing of cobras is heard," or something of the sort. This was never meant to apply to such a familiar effect as the cries of seagulls. The Governors of the B.B.C. are by now pretty certainly of one mind in the matter of seagulls' cries and are not interested in an unknown author's assertion that to him they sound like "week, week, week." For my part I think that a fishing-line rapidly torn off the reel gives a very fair imitation. But I digress.)

Mrs. Fearn. Make room for one more!

Captain. Never, by K. Lukin, builder of the first insubmersible boat in 1785! Look alive with the Tilling sand-plates, lads! What a great aid they are on soft and sandy beaches!

Week, week, week.

(Although one must admire the deftness with which the author scatters these tit-bits of information through his dialogue, the practice is not one which can be recommended to any but the most experienced.)

Mrs. Fearn. Then take that! (*The impact of an oar on an oilskin hat is heard.*)

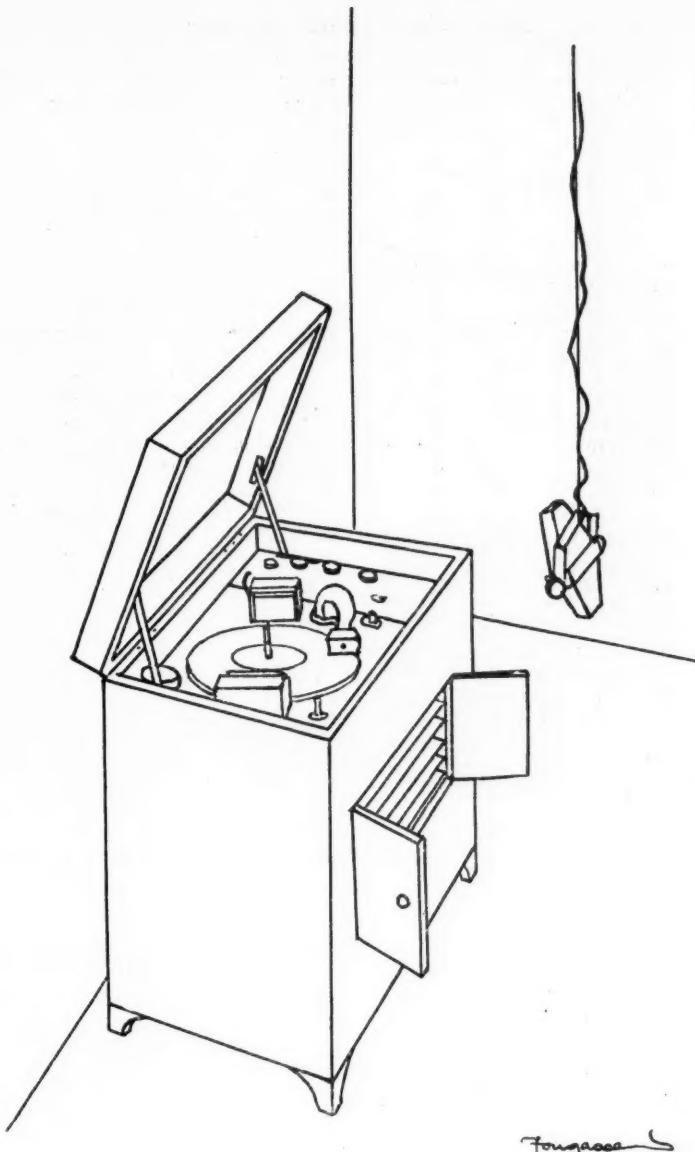
(Here the author abandons the direct imitation, and I cannot say that I blame him. The production of the precise sound-effect required would be a matter for experiment, probably by the Governors.)

Mrs. Fearn. Give way all! Kindly take your oar out of my back! Is that a sheep in the boat?

A member of the crew. It's the coxswain.

Week, week, week.

The author has explained in a footnote that the allusion to the sheep is made so as to keep the dialogue alive,

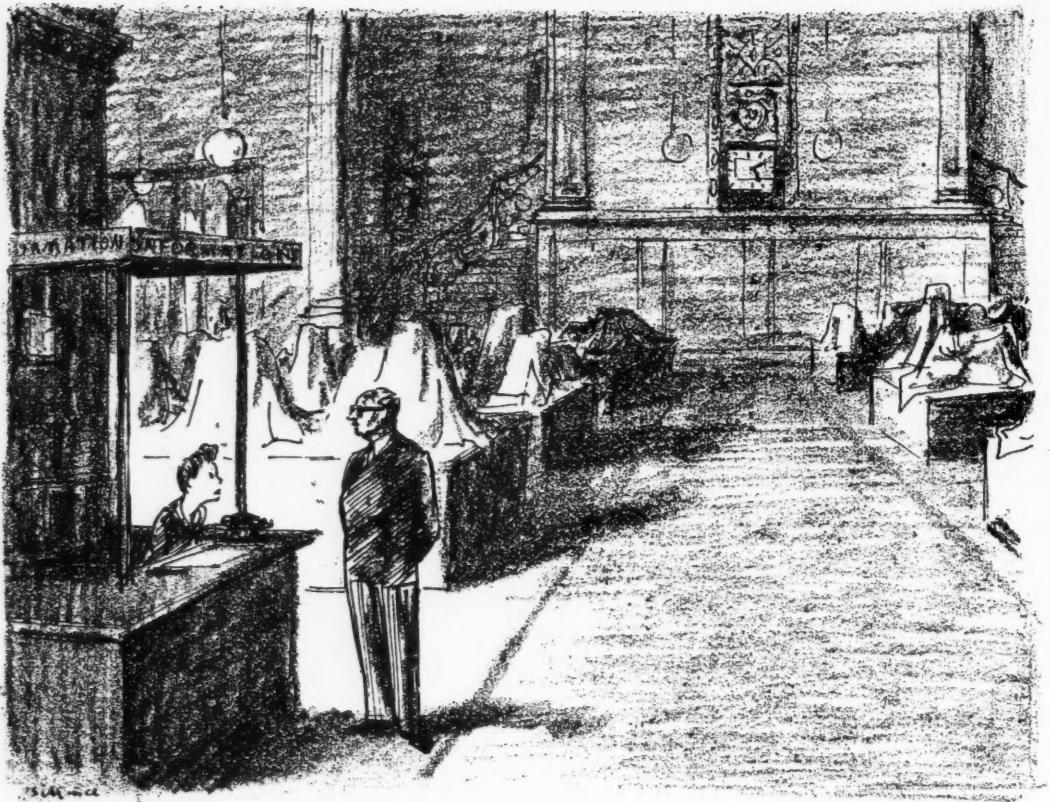


"Good evening, everybody, and welcome to our Christmas party . . ."

and he asserts that I recommended the use of a similar device in a previous article, illustrating the point with an exchange between Henry VIII and Cardinal Wolsey, when Wolsey asks whether there is not a serpent under the king's chair. This is all very well, but the listeners cannot be expected to understand these technicalities. They will merely conclude that the woman harbour-master has followed up a vicious assault on the lifeboat's captain

with an unworthy jibe at the appearance of the coxswain. The result will be, at the best, a demand by an infuriated woman harbour-master to see the Governors, or at the worst, legal action by some species of Dock Board.

It may be that the only safe plan is to select one's villains entirely from the ranks of the unemployed, or from retired persons; but in the case of the latter, physical deterioration will put an inconvenient limit to their activities.



"Didn't you know that we close on Thursday afternoon, Miss Jones?"

Wine This Christmas?

SIX months ago the correspondence columns of *The Economist* were humming with controversy over the relative merits of beer and wine—not of course their relative merits as drinks or anything like that, but as incentives. It was all quite seemly and uplifting. One writer pointed out that "wine, to every Frenchman, Spaniard or Italian the normal accompaniment of any meal, is practically unknown to the masses of this country, thanks to the duties decreed by our 'brewerocracy'." A second authority revealed that "wine, if allowed to compete on an equitable basis with beer, would enable this country to effect a great economy in grain," and that "this would be of benefit to Europe as a whole. . . .

"Anyone who has ever tasted wine can only wonder what sort of morale beer is supposed to sustain. Surely the bitter feeling that is all too evident among our people to-day would be mollified, and the enjoyment of living increased, if for our prevailing national beverage we were to substitute the sweeter and more colourful potations of southern Europe."

Then a third correspondent—not, perhaps, entirely disinterested since he gave his address as "The George"—quoted Borrow in a sparkling defence of beer and swore that he would retire, shuddering, to a milk bar if his stevedore customers should "ever seek to refresh their wearied bodies with 'small ports' instead of lashings of beer."

A careful analysis of this correspondence has convinced me that the advantage, on balance, lies with the wine-bibbers, and knowing how influential *The Economist* can be I should not be surprised to learn that the consumption of wine has rocketed during the past half-year. (*The Economist*, by the way, is always described as an "influential" weekly, which means that it inspires a very large number of leading articles in the less influential papers and occasionally gets quoted at length in papers of a satirical or even mildly humorous nature.) Thus, if my reasoning is sound, many thousands of households will be

using wine this Christmas for the first time. How will they make out? Will they give their wine the fair chance it so richly deserves, or will they treat it rough and lose its friendship for ever? The following notes—for they are little more than notes, say what you will—have been assembled in the hope that they may prove a useful guide for beginners.

WHICH WINES SHOULD BE CONSUMED WITH WHICH FOODS?

A very difficult question. The textbooks tell us to drink red wine (claret or Burgundy) with red meats and highly seasoned foods, and white wines (Sauterne or hock) with white meat, fowl and sea-foods; but such a clear demarcation is of little value to-day when even the most penetrating palate can only guess at its fare, when menus are as deceitful as studio portraits and waiters as non-committal as weather prophets. Personally I find a colour chart immensely useful. It is easily

made from bits of coloured paper and a piece of stiff cardboard and takes the form of a semi-circular spectrum. As soon as the main dish is set before me I carry it to the door, where there is natural light or a good artificial substitute, and hold the chart against it. A few moments' study usually determines the chromatic value of the meal and automatically selects the correct wine for the occasion. Drink red wine with horse-flesh, "steak," soya-sausage and camel; drink white wine with snoek and small unspecified migratory birds. On no account should red and white wine be mixed up together when the colour of the "meat" seems neutral: plump boldly for one or the other and carry the thing off with a joke.

HOW SHOULD WINE BE SERVED?

Red wine should be consumed slightly warm. Nowadays a temperature equal to that of the room is not enough: the wine should be hot enough to comfort the frostiest fingers but not so hot that the room fills with steam. Sensible hostesses use the elbow test before serving their red wine. White

wines should be served chilled to about the temperature of a medium power-cut.

WHAT RECEPTACLES SHOULD BE USED?

The traditional wine-glass consists of a smallish cup-shaped container, a stem and a foot. Where the foot has become detached from the stem by careless handling or the Central European practice of hurling a used glass into the fireplace, the stem should be stuck firmly into the table-top or balanced inside an ordinary household tumbler. Most people find it easier to borrow wine-glasses from their neighbours than to replace breakages, but this can hardly be done without increasing the number of guests to a manifestly absurd total. Never fill a wine-glass: leave enough air-space for the bouquet to develop naturally. And remember, the more space you allow for the bouquet the further your wine will go.

HOW SHOULD WINE BE KEPT?

Place the bottle on its side and slightly tilted at the neck-end so that

the cork is kept in contact with the fluid. See that the label is turned away from the light, otherwise the price will begin to nag after a few inspections. If the bottle is treated gently the wine will gradually clear itself and deposit a blackish silt. This should only be served by candlelight.

HOW DOES ONE BUY WINE?

Wines are fickle things, loving and generous one year, sour and mean the next. You can mug up the dates if you want to (a good mnemonic will help), but it is not really necessary. If you are sufficiently interested in wine the vintage years, you will find, will print themselves indelibly in your memory. For me, 1937 is the year when Yorkshire won the County Championship, Sunderland won the F.A. Cup, and Burgundy had a good year. You can get all the associated details from the B.B.C.'s Scrapbook programmes. But, as I say, you needn't bother about dates at all unless, like most wine-drinkers, you have nothing else to talk about over dinner. Trust your wine-merchant and perhaps he will trust you. Hod.



At the Play

September Tide (ALDWYCH)—*The Green Box* ("NEW" CHEPSTOW THEATRE CLUB)—*A Giant's Strength* (FORTYEIGHT THEATRE)

THE return of Miss GERTRUDE LAWRENCE is an occasion for rejoicing. We have missed her almost more than we care to say, for her utterly charming self and because at

a situation develops which is only resolved by *Evan's* retreat to America, a remarkably reformed young man. Their relationship is taut enough and in a theatrical sense effective, but it carries little real conviction. Any-one as highly intuitive as *Stella* is said to be would easily have steered clear of such a jam; and *Stella* herself, changing into an exquisite Molyneux gown for supper in a little sailing household on a Cornish quay, escapes from the pages of a glamorous magazine. It goes without saying that Miss LAWRENCE is delightful, but neither her accomplishment nor Miss IRENE HENTSCHEL'S able direction can quite disguise a flatness, a one-note element, in the play. In *Evan* Miss DU MAURIER has written the most solid part, a shrewd portrait

of an ego-centric artist, and Mr. MICHAEL GOUGH acts it capitally. Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND makes no mistakes as *Stella's* dumb and decent worshipper, but Miss ANNE LEON as *Evan's* wife seems rather bouncingly adolescent to have been in the Wrens.

It is said you can still bring a faint blush to the senior cheeks of the R.A.M.C. with mention of the Inspector General of early Victorian times, Dr. James Barry, for after his death he was discovered, to the great mortification of his colleagues, to have been a woman. In every way this fascinating masquerade was one of the most astonishing in history, because it was sustained over a long period in particularly manly company. Catherine Mansell must have been as good an actress as she was presumably a doctor, and the reasons for her conduct

were defensible: she felt she was born for medicine, and to practise it in those days one had to be a man. At the "New" Chepstow Theatre Club at Notting Hill a mainly South African company is giving a competent performance of a play by Mr. RAYNE KRUGER called *The Green Box*, which deals with the phase in her career when she was surgeon to the British Governor of the Cape Colony, fell in love with the Scottish poet and abolitionist Thomas Pringle (who guessed her secret after she was wounded in a duel), but decided that for both of them marriage would be an obstacle to duty. This is a well-found little period piece with plenty of quiet charm. The characters are allowed to develop naturally, and the acting bears a polish and sincerity unusual in a small club theatre. Miss NAN MUNRO's *Catherine* is a stirring blend of strength and sensibility, Mr. CHRISTOPHER QUEST's *Pringle* has the authentic fire of reform in the eighteen-twenties, and as the peppery *Governor* Mr. ROBERT SANSON damns the Whigs with fine conviction. Miss MARGARET INGLIS, producer, plays his sharp-clawed daughter out of one of Thackeray's more acid pages. May I beg leave to record that this was the first time I have ever read my programme by the flames of an open fire? An experience to be treasured.



(September Tide)

HIS WIFE'S MOTHER

Stella MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
Evan MR. MICHAEL GOUGH

present in the English theatre there is no actress who can catch at our hearts as she can. It is only the manner of her return which is disappointing, for Miss DAPHNE DU MAURIER's *September Tide* at the Aldwych is an artificial piece of conventional sentiment which leaves the actress's gifts unused. She is well able to look after a serious part, but that is no reason to deny her wit and intelligence. As taken by Miss LAWRENCE *Stella* would be an entrancing person to meet at a cocktail party, but she is a very silly woman. Indeed, everybody in this play is sub-intelligent except for the ruthless young painter who is its mainspring. Married to *Stella's* daughter, whose childish prattling of free love in the King's Road sounds strangely out of date, he falls in love with his mother-in-law; and as she is in love with him, and is a woman perhaps old-fashioned in these matters,

and Mr. MICHAEL GOUGH acts it capitally. Mr. CYRIL RAYMOND makes no mistakes as *Stella's* dumb and decent worshipper,

At the Opera

Fidelio (COVENT GARDEN)
Schwanda the Bagpiper
(SADLER'S WELLS)

THE production in English of *Fidelio*, the latest addition to the Covent Garden repertoire, introduced in the rôle of *Leonora* a very gifted newcomer from Australia to the operatic stage. This rôle is a severe test for any singer, for *Leonora* is Beethoven's ideal of womanhood. She combines the courage and fortitude symbolized by her man's attire with the tenderness and devotion of a loving wife. Beethoven's noble conception is expressed in the music—particularly in the wonderful aria "Komm, Hoffnung"—with all the power of his genius, and the task of the singer is the hard one of allowing the music to speak for itself. Everything depends on her complete sincerity and powers of sheer singing, for she has not even the assistance of a rich, flowing dress to lend her height and dignity. SYLVIA FISHER came through the ordeal with flying colours, and fully deserved the ovation she received. Her voice is a dramatic soprano of beautiful quality.

TOM WILLIAMS is vocally an excellent *Pizzarro*, but, like all *Pizzarros*, he suffers from the fact that Beethoven was so much in love with his heroine that he had not much attention to spare for his villain. Everyone in the prison, it is true, is greatly impressed with *Pizzarro's* awfulness, and the guards keep muttering how important he is as he struts about the yard boasting how he will stick *Florestan* full of daggers and bellow triumph in his ear. The ordinary spectator, however, feels that the thrilling trumpet-call that heralds the arrival of the Minister saves *Pizzarro* as well as *Florestan*; for if *Leonora* were to puncture *Pizzarro* with a desperate shot from her pistol he would collapse in a pile of sawdust. He has no flesh-and-blood reality at all.

THORSTEINN HANNESSON, who sang the rôle of *Florestan*, is another newcomer, this time from Iceland. He is a promising tenor, though rather inclined to force his tone. DENNIS STEPHENSON and ELIZABETH SCHWARZKOPF sing charmingly as the lovers *Jaquino* and *Marcelline*. The production of the opera was by FRIEDRICH SCHRAMM; and KARL RANKL obtained from the orchestra some of the best playing we have heard at Covent Garden—bright, clean and strong.

As a Christmas offering Sadler's Wells have presented WEINBERGER's *Schwanda the Bagpiper*, a cream-puff



"Twenty-three point five degrees Centigrade, please."

of a fairy opera full of the most scrumptious tunes. This is far and away the most popular of modern operas on the Continent, and bids fair to repeat its success here. *Schwanda* lived happily with his wife *Dorotka* in a little cottage until one day *Babinsky*, a famous robber-knight-errant, enticed him away with a tale of a queen with a heart of ice which only his magic playing would thaw. Melt the queen's heart he did, though he nearly got his head chopped off in the process; and he followed this exploit by tumbling into hell, where the *Devil*, bored to death, passed his time playing patience. With the aid of his magic bagpipes, which compelled all who heard them to dance, and *Babinsky's* light fingers, which were able to knock off anything from a poised headsman's axe to the contents of the strong-room of the

infernal regions, not to mention producing a shower of aces and trumps from the *Devil's* own top-boots, *Schwanda* survived these adventures and returned to the faithful *Dorotka*; and they lived happily ever after.

DENNIS ARUNDELL's production of *Schwanda* is lively and full of colour. Best of all is a merry Hell full of imps, spiky rocks, flames, thunder-levers that the *Devil* pulls when annoyed, and a running buffet for his thirstier moments, all presided over by HOWELL GLYNNE, with horns and a tail, who booms in just the right way. MARJORIE SHIRES is a charming *Dorotka*, GERALD DAVIES a dashing *Babinsky* and RODERICK JONES a most engaging *Schwanda*. The orchestra is not as good as it might be, but under JAMES ROBERTSON's baton it all goes with a swing.

D. C. B.



"WHAM ! Betcher that's schizoed 'is phrenia !"

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Scottish, for Use and Beauty

THE country that has not suffered the arts of the many to be eclipsed by the "fine art" of the few is in an enviable way. Mr. IAN FINLAY, who omits Scottish painting and calls everything else *Scottish Crafts* (HARRAP, 17/6), has so sound a sense of the spiritual, cultural and economic value of regional art that one would have wished his book written as straight history with a definite aesthetic-social philosophy at the back of it. Actually it allots seven chapters to seven roughly comprehensive art-forms, a dismemberment possibly due to the exigencies of broadcasting. These comprise Architecture, Sculpture, Bone-Carving and Woodwork, Metalwork, Textiles, Ceramics and Glass, Manuscripts and Books. Too many of their admirable illustrations have strayed from the appropriate text, a misfortune that increases the Snark-like sense, to which so many new starts give rise, of the bowsprit having got mixed with the rudder. The book's excellencies and defects are those of a museum. One moment you are shown over the department of Celtic cells and corbelled strongholds, the next that of tweeds and tartans—and so forth. But the human element is adroitly preserved, especially that of the small towns which before the days of "alien administration" and tentacular cities wrought their own exquisite silver-plate for their own comfortable burgesses. H. P. E.

England

The English Heritage (MACDONALD, 12/6), its author Mr. REX WELLDON FINN tells us, is intended to supplement the local guide-book and thus add to the enjoyment of

the average Englishman as he travels about in his own land. This modest description gives but an imperfect idea of the thought and erudition underlying this clear and delightfully written account of the various influences which have shaped our country. Geography and history are most skilfully interwoven, the physical setting making past events more real and being itself enriched by the human passions to which it has been the background. The author begins by pointing out that Britain invited primitive immigration by presenting good agricultural land and an unalarming coastline to the Continent. After an excellent chapter on the Celtic settlement of Britain, Mr. FINN reconstructs England during the Roman occupation, and brings home to the reader the immense length and importance of the Anglo-Saxon period in our history. But the easy-going Anglo-Saxons required quickening, and the Conqueror brought a badly needed discipline to England. It was the Normans who made the development of our institutions and social life possible; and in the latter half of this volume the author deals with this development under numerous aspects, the gilds and monasteries of the Middle Ages, the decay of the barons, the growth of a civilized domestic life under the Tudors, and so on, until the beginning of the Industrial Revolution which, as the author justly says, requires a fresh canvas. H. K.

The Past in Ambush

That no good comes of disturbing the burial-grounds of the dead, or even their grass-grown strongholds, you will find taken for granted by most Celtic peasants. There is, too, an educated trend towards kinship with our prehistoric ancestors—possibly the result of dissatisfaction with progress, or of science's undermining of the status of time, or both. So with a stage set in remote Highland country-houses, and with a cast all more or less implicated in a piece of archaeological research, Miss ANN BRIDGE has made an irruption of the past into the present the theme of an unusually vivid novel. If *And Then You Came* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 10/6) has a fault, it is a tendency to let some striking piece of antiquarian detail hold up a crisis. But there is no lack of excitement in this story of the Irish yacht whose strange crew wreak havoc on a quiet countryside. As in H. G. Wells' forgotten but excellent "Sea Lady," the author allows the best hope for the future to fall a victim to an immortal summons. But that is sound psychology; and her young laird's headstrong attempt to take the heroic age by storm is well set off by the pathetic efforts of the surrounding chiefs and chieftainesses to face the immediate problems of their threatened lives. H. P. E.

John Aubrey

A very great deal of labour and research has gone into Mr. ANTHONY POWELL's *John Aubrey and His Friends* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 18/-), the first full account of the well-known seventeenth-century biographer and antiquary. One might have expected Mr. POWELL, as a novelist, to be comparatively negligent of the facts and to lavish most of his attention on what was picturesque in his subject and his troubled times. But he has taken the harder and in the end much more satisfactory course of building up, detail by detail, the hitherto vague, rather unsubstantial gossip of Aubrey into a real human being, as interesting in his totally different way as his contemporary Pepys. Aubrey's childhood was melancholy. His father was unsympathetic, his mother affectionate but too dominating; and when he went to school at Blandford he

suffered much from both boys and masters. Even after his years at Oxford, excellently pictured by Mr. POWELL, Aubrey was still treated as a child by his parents. The water-colours he painted of his Wiltshire home, Easton Pierse, have something of the dreamy childlike quality of Rousseau, the *douanier*, and confirm the general feeling created by Mr. POWELL's narrative, of all his misadventures, amatory, financial and literary, that Aubrey never grew up, so far as his relations with other people were concerned. From the mundane standpoint he was unreal. In himself, like Hartley Coleridge, whom he in many ways resembles, he was much more alive, much more real, than most of the persons who deplored his shiftless ways. H. K.

Down in the Cellar

Were we overhasty in purifying the tap? Mr. ANDRÉ SIMON points out in *Drink* (BURKE, 15/-) that so long as water was dangerous the English had of necessity to take ale with breakfast and wine with dinner. Once it became safe Governments were free to pile taxation on to alcohol until, even before this last war, the entire Navy was floated fiscally on beer and whisky alone. This question of crippling prices, which may well colour the future of wine in England for a long time, is all but ignored in a book which deals mainly with the past glories of our tipplers, from beer to champagne. The Romans, Mr. SIMON reminds us on the evidence of Pliny the Elder, had over a hundred wines, which puts most post-war lists sadly in the shade; and the inventory he gives of the stock of the Mouth Tavern in Bishopsgate Without for 1632 makes envious reading, Bishopsgate being without very little and a whole hog-head of "old Claret" costing only sixteen shillings—reasonable, even allowing for the greater value of money. At the end are useful suggestions for three-course meals arranged for marriage with different wines. They sound delectable until one remembers the mighty menus, records of historic evenings, which Saintsbury included in "Notes On a to Cellar-Book," and which reduce these petty orgies of 1948 the level of *hors d'œuvre*. There are innumerable quotations and too many reprinted poems in praise of the grape, some of them singularly bad; and if one feels this to be rather a lazy book it is because the author himself writes better and more expertly on his subject than most of the writers into whom he dips. E. O. D. K.

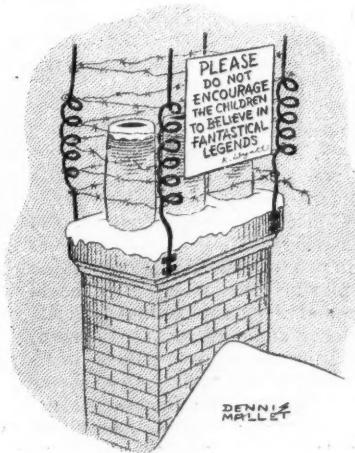
Necropolitan Humours

Mr. EVELYN WAUGH, like Mr. Aldous Huxley before him, has felt the fascination of the mortuary customs of the southern Californians. But whereas at the Beverly Pantheon Mr. Huxley was but a transient if philosophical tourist, Mr. WAUGH has lingered long enough at Whispering Glades to explore its intimate economy and to envisage the lives of those who are the ministers of its impressive rituals. Hence *The Loved One* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 7/6) and, for those who have a taste for such company, a pleasant hour with the corpses. The *conte* begins and ends with a suicide, of which one is the cause, the other the consequence, of rivalry for the heart and hand of a beautiful cosmetician at the Glades. The rivals are the principal embalmer of that institution and a young English poet who, having failed as a script-writer at nearby Hollywood, has got himself a job at the Happier Hunting Ground—where similar if simpler services are performed for the "dumb friends" of the potential patrons of the more august establishment next door. Here is a theme which gives Mr. WAUGH ample scope for the indulgence of his penchant for the macabre and for the guying of humbug and human vanity. If he

has hardly risen to the heights of satire—for which both a larger target and a more consistent mock-gravity of attack had been requisite—he has at any rate perpetrated an efficiently repulsive grotesque, with which the illustrations of Mr. STUART BOYLE are nicely in keeping. F. B.

Western Association

Opponents of economic union in Western Europe fall into two groups—those who regard it as a basis of aggressive military power, and those who believe it to be either unworkable or unnecessary. It is unnecessary, they say, because Western Europe has already recovered—according to the latest figures—to its pre-war production level, though the improvement is hidden from many people by a more equalitarian share-out. Miss BARBARA WARD, on the other hand, believes that Europe's economic crisis is but the latest phase of a lasting problem: economic disaster has been advancing on Europe for many years and two world wars are results rather than causes of it. In *The West at Bay* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 12/6), which must be just about the best-written "quickie" for many a day, Miss WARD stakes a claim for immediate Western Association and calls in the New World to redress the debit balance of the Old—"Western Union . . . is the vital frontier of the Atlantic world and as such should be defended in concert with the United States and Canada. More, it is the front line of free government for the whole world . . ." To counter political and economic dangers Western Europe needs a formal military guarantee by the United States, a limited restoration of Lend-Lease, Marshall Aid and an organically integrated Western economy. The case for Western Association is strong—a "unified free trade area from Scandinavia to the Pyrenees, from the Elbe to Donegal would include within it all the economic resources that have made the United States an industrial giant." This area would contain more than two hundred million people, compared with the one hundred and forty million in the U.S.A., and would not be entirely self-sufficient in raw materials or foodstuffs, but with suitable T.V.A.-type treatment it could be made to pay its way. This book was written in six weeks, but there is nothing loose or untidy about its argument. Indeed, the case is put with such scrupulous fairness that the reader (this one, anyway) is left shaking in every conviction. A. B. H.



Party Personalities

MUMMY! Mummy, look at my balloon. I've got a jumping frog, it's in my pocket. Mummy, has Christopher come home from Peter's yet? He'll be sorry he missed this one, because there was a lighthouse. In the middle of the table. His father made it. Robert's. Mummy, it was *lit up*, and they turned off the lights and put on the lighthouse one and we all had a present. Mine was some nuts: I ate them.

Mummy, could Robert come to my party, and may we have a lighthouse? May we? Well, you just make it with cardboard and things, and then put a bulb in it, and you just need some flex and a few bits of paint and a few other things like that. Mummy, if he comes I expect he'll be an engine all the time, because he was the Flying Scotsman all to-day and when his mother said come and welcome your guests he said "Non-stop" and "Ooooooooooooh!" and went straight out of the other door. Mummy, he was always being non-stop, and they've got *two* staircases; Mummy, isn't it super, *two* staircases? No one can ever catch you, and after tea they said they'd have to *ring a bell* to get us all into one room for the next game, no one ever came: Robert was always being non-stop, and when we played hide-and-seek no one found Sheila and me at all. We were under a bed, having a race who could go from the front end to the top end first with our feet on the bottom of the bed.

Sheila. She's a girl. Her name's Sheila. I did it *much faster* than she did; I won *three times*. When we went downstairs they'd all stopped playing hide-and-seek and were having musical bumps. It was for musical bumps that I won my frog. Michael said it wasn't fair because I only started halfway through and no one noticed. Robert's mother only noticed my back and said where have you been and brushed it.

Michael. He's a boy. He's called Podge. Mummy, he had a car and it went with a piece of elastic, like an aeroplane. Well, Mummy, you know the sort that you wind round and it makes an aeroplane fly, a model aeroplane? Well, this is a piece that makes a motor-car go. Miss Fisk was there helping to pour out lemonade and things and playing the piano for musical bumps and all things like that. Mummy, if she had an enormous piece of elastic, bigger than any piece anyone ever thought of, and if the underneath part of her car was different, I mean no engine, and it was wound round about a thousand times, she'd

be able to take us for a lot more rides because it wouldn't matter not having much petrol, wouldn't she? She said she thought elastic was rather scarce but she said I could ask if I liked.

Mummy, if you did have a real car and it went like that and it only made a sort of whirr coming along instead of a chugging sort of noise, how loud do you think the whirr would be? I mean, do you think you could hear it from the end of the road? Well, do you think you could hear it from two roads away if there wasn't any other noise? Well, do you think... Mummy, do you think this balloon's leaking? It's going a bit limp. It was Elinor's. Elinor's. Robert's sister. She cried when I had it; I heard her. Mummy, I *didn't* take it; why should you think I *took* her balloon, why should you? Her mother *told* her to give it to me. Well, because we had the balloons when we were just coming away and mine wouldn't blow up, and Robert wasn't there, he was going non-stop again, and his mother said "Elinor will give you hers; you won't mind, will you, Elinor?" and Elinor didn't say anything till I was nearly at the gate, then I heard her howling and she said "It was *my* party and I'm the only one who hasn't got a balloon." Well, Mummy, how could I give it back when her mother *told* her to give it to me because I was a guest? Mummy, if we have any balloons at our party, you'd better make sure we have plenty: several spare balloons, I think we ought to have.

Mummy, need I have Neil? Well, he doesn't *do* anything; he sits in a corner with an engine or something and never gets up, except he just gets up now and then to knock someone over, and then he plays with the engine again. And I don't want Janet; she tells everyone what they've got to do and then tells them they're doing it wrong. But I want Robert and Sheila and Michael and perhaps Elinor. All right, we needn't decide to-night, if you don't want to. Mummy, I've had a very good idea; instead of a lighthouse we could have a totem pole. A *totem pole*, Mummy, you know what a totem pole is, with things all over it. I could chisel a lot of patterns of wolves and things, and paint it, and the top wolf could have *holes* for his eyes, and *green lights* inside, and we could make the room *very dark* and make everyone go in and they'd all wonder what it could be and be *very frightened*, and perhaps I could make horrible wolf howling noises, or Christopher could while I worked the light.

All right, Mummy, I *am* coming upstairs. But don't you think a ferocious wolf, very fierce, would be a super idea for our party, Mummy, don't you?

• •

The Tragic Muse

"AND what part are *you* playing, Joan dear?"

But at that the free flow of information would cease abruptly; there was a shake of the head and a cryptic smile, and no other answer to be had. It must, we realized, be a pretty considerable part; Joan's conversation had for weeks been of nothing but the school production of *Macbeth*, and it was clear that she associated herself closely with the play's fortunes. Yet we couldn't easily see her as either a Dead Butcher or a Fiend-like Queen; nor was she a noticeably Weird Sister type, or even one of Nature's Drunken Porters. Ah, well, time would show.

Time did show in the end with an unexpected suddenness. She had just said "Good night," and was about to leave us in the normal way, when it apparently struck her that that was rather a tame exit line for an actress of her quality—or it may be that she felt an overwhelming impulse to give us a foretaste of the glories to come. Anyway, as she reached the door she turned, thrust her right hand magnificently in front of her, and in a ringing soprano, "Our duties," she cried, "and the pledge!"

"Our duties," I murmured, reflectively, as the last echoes of the door died away, "'and the pledge.' You know, I don't feel that comes in one of Macbeth's own big speeches."

"And I can't say I remember it in the sleep-walking scene," said Rachel.

"The porter? Could it be the porter?"

"I don't think the porter says much about the pledge, dear," said Rachel.

"I've an awful idea," I said after a short silence. "'Our duties, and the pledge.' Doesn't it strike you that that's just the sort of remark that might have been made by Ross?"

"Unless it was Lennox."

"Or Caithness, even?"

"Or Angus."

There was another silence.

"I think it's worse than that," I said. "I don't like that 'our'—there's a sinister plurality to it. Doesn't that sound to you like *All*?"

"There's nothing for it," said Rachel. "You must look it up."

I got the Works from the shelf, and ten minutes later I grunted.



"Please, mummy, can I sit next to the turkey?"

"Well?" she asked. "Is it All?"

"Pretty near it. It's Lords."

"Lords." Rachel sighed. "Ah, well, I expect they'll dress the dear child very nicely."

Our deduction was confirmed the next day by Joan herself, who realized apparently that she had given away more than she intended and that the time for unqualified candour had come. It was a delicate moment, but we assured her (a) that schools were notorious for giving the best actors the worst parts, and (b) that the best actors were usually the most objectionable people anyway; and when I admitted to having been A Citizen in *Julius Caesar* and Rachel recalled an utterly mythical Fourth Gentlewoman from *King Henry the Sixth*, Part III, her happiness was restored completely. From then onwards all the behind-the-scenes secrets were ours, from Macbeth's prowess at inside-left to the conceit and universal unpopularity of Caithness.

We felt a little wistful none the less on the night, as scene after scene went by without a chirrup from the one actress we had come to see. We

thought that at least she might have been given the Old Man ("After all, dear, she has you to study," said Rachel, with what I considered unnecessary loudness), and why the frankly loathsome Caithness had ever been preferred to her we simply couldn't imagine. But we agreed that anyway she was far and away the sweetest chieftain in Forres, and when Act III, Scene 4 came, the parents of Banquo's Ghost herself could not have felt a keener anticipatory pride. Then at last, after an almost intolerable tension, the great moment arrived.

"Would he were here!" cried Macbeth. "To all, and him, we thirst, and all to all!" she somewhat mysteriously added.

Together the martial nobles sprang to their feet, the brimming goblets clashed, and in sonorous unison the splendid line rang out:

"Our duties, and the pledge!"

The effect was tremendous; the whole audience thrilled to the sound. But there had been something wrong.

"That was lovely, dear," we said as Joan met us afterwards outside her cloak-room. "There was only one

thing I didn't understand," I went on. "Why didn't you join in when they said that bit about the pledge?"

A very red face looked up at me.

"Oh, did you notice? Well, I did all through the rehearsals, but yesterday Miss Stevens told me I had to keep my mouth shut, because she said—she said I shouted too much."

The corners of her mouth suddenly dropped; and breaking away from us the stern Gaelic chieftain tore madly ahead up the dark road homewards.

M. H. L.

• •

Sound Investment

BREAD I give for a snatch of singing,
Promise of April bliss.
Nothing's wasted which may be
bringing
Me this.

Loss to-day can be no great matter;
Soon from a hundred throats
I shall be paid for the crumbs I scatter
In notes.

The Ballad of Sam Bone

SAM BONE was a keeper's son,
A native of Norfolk, at Wells-next-Sea.
Sam cut his teeth on his old man's gun,
It was never in doubt what he meant to be—
Fowling was in his ancestry;
And so at an age when lads engage
For ledger or plough or the footplate's grease,
To go for a soldier or join the police,
Handle an awl or a deep-sea trawl,
Young Sam went gunning for geese.

With a dare-devil smile, and moustache to twirl,
Light of heart and limber of limb,
Sam had an eye for a goose or a girl—
And I guess that the girls had an eye for him,
So dashing and debonair, charged with vim!
From the harbour reach to Snettisham beach
Or Wells bank east'ard to Morston marsh,
Where the skua's screech shrills high and harsh,
Sam was the bane of many a skein—
And many soft cheeks knew Sam's moustache!

In forty odd seasons—and Sam don't brag,
I've seen his log and its scrupulous list—
Eighteen hundred he's brought to bag
(But he kept no count of the girls he kissed
Though, girl or greylag, he seldom missed!)
Ay, greylags in dozens, and all their cousins
With Canada giants the lot to cap,
Plus duck, and waders, and what may hap . . .
But waders and duck are so much truck
When the big birds beat across Holkham Gap.

Sam to-day is lean and grey
But winning his living has won him fame;
The daysprings of youth are far away,
Yet younger gunners he puts to shame,
He knows every twist of the fowling game . . .
Trudge, trudge, through the foreshore sludge,
There's snow in the wind and the breakers roar . . .
It's hard to believe he is past three score

When, staunch and steady, with gun at ready,
Sam keeps vigil on Stiffkey shore.

But on crystal dawns, when the moon's in the sky—
Subjects for Turner or Peter Scott,
Early and high the widgeon fly,
The gunner may hear them but gets no shot . . .
Infinite pains, and nowt for the pot . . .
Well, it's useless to wait, the geese will stir late,
Like the sensible folk still snug in bed . . .
Sam bangs at a curlew, and wastes his lead,
And mutters a curse that's salty and terse
At the luminous splendour overhead.

And he growls, with a pained indignant snort,
When you join him at noon for a can of beer,
"The better the weather, the worse the sport—
I hate a morning that's mill-pond clear
With a breath of frost in the atmosphere.
Now, a nor'east blow, when the birds fly low
And sluggards in bed hear the shutters slam. . . .
Come rain, come blizzard, I don't give a damn,
Come the lurid gloom of the crack of doom,
But give me a dirty dawn!" says Sam.

When Sam's time comes, as come it must,
And blinds are drawn in his house by the quay;
Long after he's dust and his gun is rust,
When gunners foregather in Wells-next-Sea,
They will still relate legends of old Sam B.
And from Cley to King's Lynn when the days draw in
There'll be whispers, I fancy, as midnight's nigh,
Of geese slain soundlessly . . . pulled from the sky
By a right and left uncannily deft . . .
And a lean grey ghost with a dare-devil eye!

• •

Impending Apology

"St. John's Guild—The Guild will meet on Dec. 10th, at 7.30 p.m., we wish to avoid the Series of Lectures held on the first Wednesday in the month."—*Parish magazine.*



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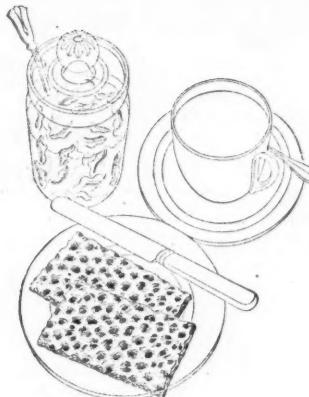
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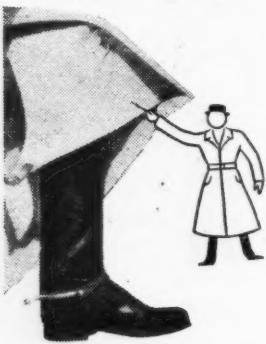


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The Omega self-winding watch is for the man who delights in owning nothing but the best. It is the crowning achievement of a hundred years progress in the production of the world's most accurate watches. . . . winds itself while you wear it perpetual motion on your wrist the thinnest automatic watch ever produced. The 9ct gold

case is so designed that it follows the curve of your wrist. These superb commemorative watches are distinguished by their unique appearance. Only a few were made which means that, in this country, no more than one man in every forty-thousand will be fortunate enough to possess the Omega Anniversary timepiece. Can be seen only at leading jewellers.

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For all who travel, BROWN, SHIPLEY & CO. LIMITED provide a complete banking service, and expert advice and assistance are readily available.

The TRAVELLER to this Country will find the comprehensive banking facilities of their West End Office, 123, Pall Mall, S.W.1, of particular advantage.



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Will to do good...

The N.S.P.C.C. has received thousands of kind legacies since it started 60 years ago, and each one of these has meant the rescue of children suffering from cruelty and neglect. No other society carries out quite the same functions as the N.S.P.C.C., which never prosecutes except in the most hardened cases — preferring, wherever possible, to give the practical assistance and skilled advice that will rebuild family life. You can therefore feel confident that a bequest to the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will be used for the greatest possible good.

Please remember the



N.S.P.C.C.

President: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH

INFORMATION GLADLY SUPPLIED ON APPLICATION TO THE DIRECTOR, N.S.P.C.C., 2 VICTORY HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2. PHONE GERRARD 2774



what people are
saying about
NUTRILINE—

Pears

new scientific tonic hair dressing

* "After using NUTRILINE only three weeks, I feel highly satisfied with the new improvement in my hair."

Rotherham, 8th March, 1948.

* "I have been troubled with dandruff for quite a while and have tried various remedies—the NUTRILINE treatment is the best."

Clough, Co. Down, 17th Feb. 1948.

* "This is the second bottle of NUTRILINE, and up to the present moment, it is working wonders."

Newcastle-on-Tyne, 7th May, 1948.

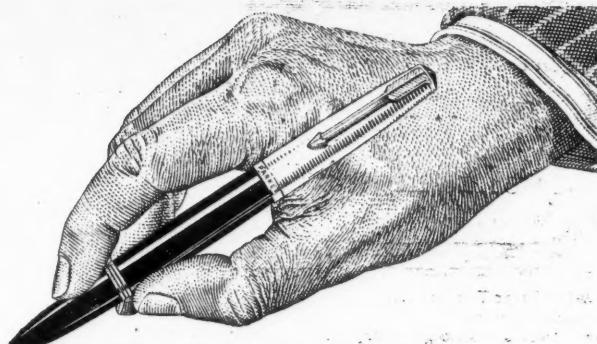
NUTRILINE—the new quick-action tonic dressing that contains special ingredients—helps to free the scalp of dandruff and stimulate hair growth; keeps the hair perfect in appearance and health. 4/9d. a large bottle.



NUTRILINE

MADE BY PEARS

1000 30/350

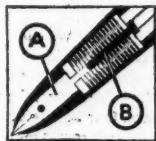


World's most wanted pen

TODAY more people desire a Parker "51" than any other make of pen. Actually 83 surveys in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen. Combining flawless beauty with unprecedented technical precision, the "51" writes instantly, with eager smoothness, as soon as point is touched to paper!

A special patented ink-trap controls the flow of ink so that the pen, when correctly filled, never fails to write, never leaks or blobs. The unique tubular 14-ct. gold nib is available in a wide range of points. There's one to suit your special needs! The gleaming Lustraloy cap slides on securely without twisting. Within the barrel is hidden a patented self-filler.

At present still in limited supply. Available in Black, Dove Grey, Cedar Blue, and Cordovan Brown. Price 62/6 (plus 13/11 purchase tax).



Notice how the nib (A) is hooded against dirt and damage—only the point shows. The ingenious ink trap (B) enables the pen to "breathe," prevents flooding and leakage.

PARKER "51"

Made in Great Britain and Canada

Fill your pen with Quink, a protective ink for all good fountain pens

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2



Health and pleasure come together when you gargle with fragrant 'Dettolin'. You exchange that touch of morning catarrh for fresh, cool comfort. You start the day with a clear throat, and a mouth refreshed and clean. You take a pleasant anti-septic precaution and you feel better for it.

The morning gargle is a pleasure with

DETTOLIN
BRAND
antiseptic GARGLE



Must we have a Territorial Army? Are we expecting war? No, but we'd be fools to ignore the possibility.

All right. Suppose there was a war. Wouldn't it be a push-button affair, all over before you could say 'Right turn'? We don't know. All we know is that we might be called upon to defend this island. What with? We can't shoot down rockets with rifles.

Rockets aren't the only means of attack—and rifles aren't the only means of defence. Our boffins haven't been busy in their back rooms for nothing.

You mean we need a Territorial Army to operate new defence weapons? If ever the time comes—yes. The point is, we can't wait. We must start training now.

O.K. But what's that to me? I've had my war. The National Service men are serving 6 years as 'Terriers' after their

demob aren't they? That's just the point. We need men who've seen service and know the ropes to give these youngsters a lead. A foundation of 'seasoned' men, men they can look up to, will make all the difference. Maybe. And what do we get out of it? Quite frankly, very little—apart from a maximum bounty of £12 and the satisfaction of giving up some of your spare time to something of real national importance.

H'mm. How much spare time? To qualify for the full bounty, a minimum of 44 two-hour training periods during the year, plus 8 days in camp. But there are various ways you can put in the time according to your circumstances. The C.O. of your local unit will be glad to see you and give you all the gen. Why not go and see him?

Spare time for Britain in the TERRITORIAL ARMY

TAKE THE LEAD—join your Local Unit NOW

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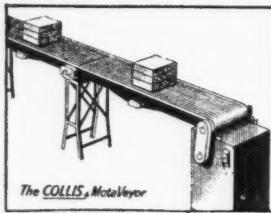
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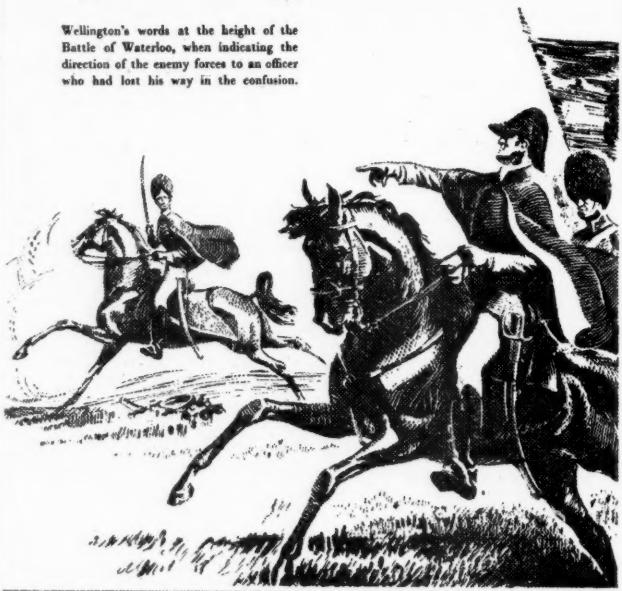
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Q.P.N.T.

"Right ahead to be sure!"

Wellington's words at the height of the Battle of Waterloo, when indicating the direction of the enemy forces to an officer who had lost his way in the confusion.



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Adhesives!*

To join things together, the boat-builders of Early Britain relied largely on leather thongs . . . and luck. What wouldn't they have given for Bostik Adhesives and Sealing Compounds! For the water-proof and resilient qualities of Bostik are coupled with an age-resisting adhesion, which at the same time seals the joint. That is why Bostik, in its various grades, is to-day so widely used in ship-building, in the making of motor-cars, buildings and aircraft, to mention only four industries. A booklet of the Bostik system of adhesion and sealing on request.

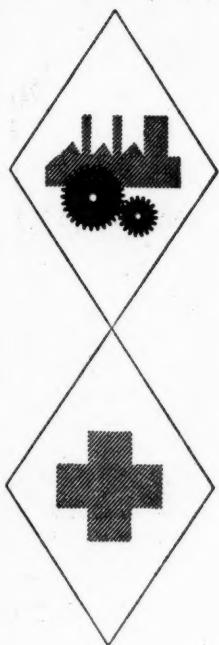
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helps people
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Write to NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co. Ltd., Thorncriffe, Sheffield, and ask for a specialist to call and discuss the system. It can be planned without extra labour and will help to keep your workers healthy.

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H (for Hiduminium) was born to be a giant killer — a versatile lightweight with the strength of rivals three times his weight. For 21 years he's been piling up points in his fight against the power of g (for Gravity). Hiduminium provides a combination of strength and lightness. Hiduminium reduces stress, running costs and handling charges. Hiduminium is easily formed, resists corrosion, is non-toxic, has chemical stability and many other advantages which are available to manufacturers who choose to . . .

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Just a year after Kenelm Lee Guinness, famous racing motorist, had decided to make his own plugs, the Kaiser war broke out. By 1918, Kenelm Lee Guinness's experimental workshop had grown into a factory employing 2,000 people. Throughout the war K.L.G. plugs had given outstanding service and were standardised by the Royal Flying Corps. In 1918 Guinness turned his attention to his first love: racing. In the years to come he and his sparking plugs were to produce sensational performances on road and track.

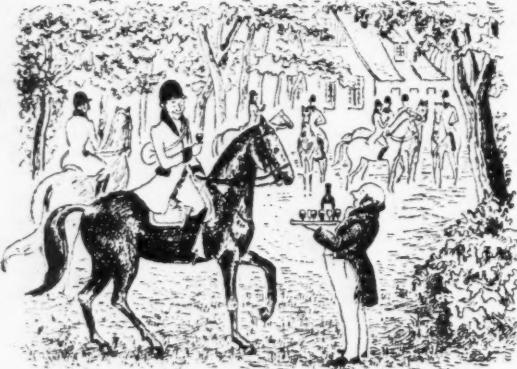
EXPERIENCE — that's what makes

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PLUGS — *too good to miss!*



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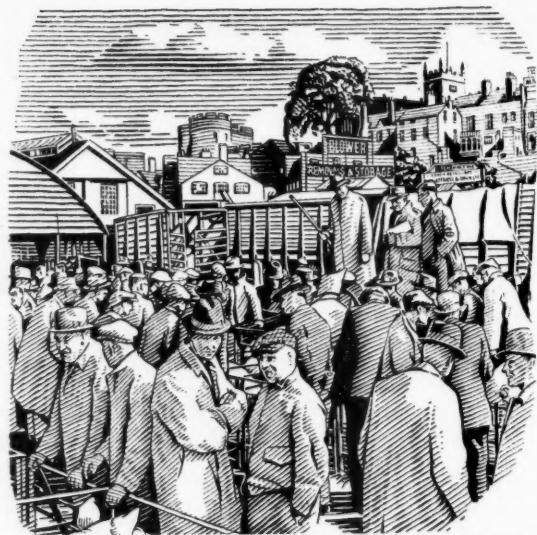


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Through four generations Heering's Cherry Brandy, now sold under the shorter name of CHERRY HEERING, has witnessed as well as created many precious moments. Today, supplies are limited, but this Danish delight will grace your day whenever and wherever you meet with it.

CHERRY HEERING

World famous liqueur since 1818



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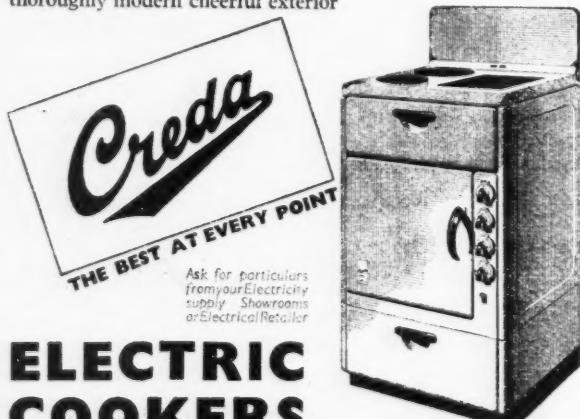
THE ENGLISH COUNTRY market grew up with the land and those who work on it. Produce is sold and needs are supplied through its agency and even in this age of centralisation the farmer still finds much that he values in his own market town. It is in market towns that the Local Head Offices of Barclays Bank have been established in many cases. This has enabled the Local Directors—themselves men who know the district well—to keep in constant touch with the problems and needs of the farming community. It is through this long tradition of service to farmers that the Bank is known in many parts of the country as the "Farmer's Bank".



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The Browns vote for Creda

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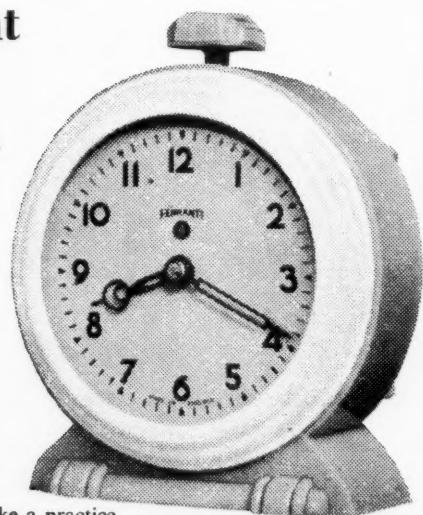


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A COMPANY

Present

**with a
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Have you any friends who make a practice of going to bed at night and getting up in the morning—or the other way round? If so, give them Ferranti electric alarm clocks this Christmas. We could give you a lot of reasons—the alarm can be set to go off every 24 hours without readjustment, they're good-looking, they're well-made, and there's no tick to disturb light sleepers. But better still, have a look at them and judge for yourself.



Ferranti Ltd

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A BEETLE IMPROVED PRODUCT

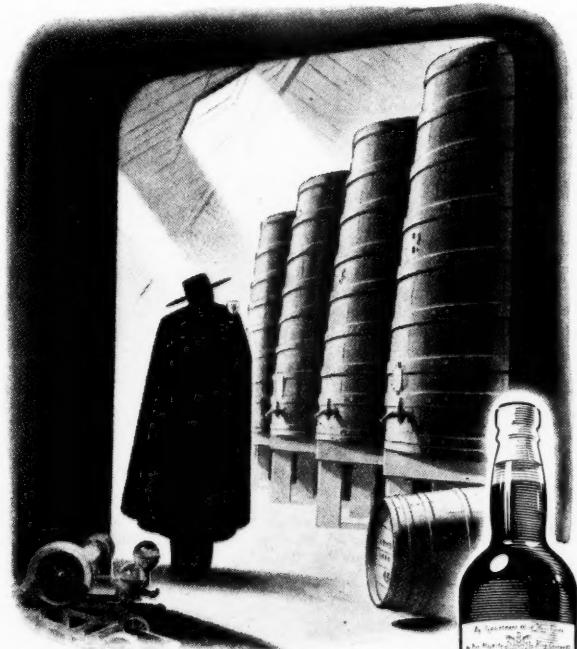
Now Swedish Skis are better

Once upon a time the Swedes cut their skis from the solid wood. Now, they find that the better way is to use layers of timber bonded together with 'Beetle' cement and moulded to shape. Using these new-type skis, Swedish competitors won many Olympic events at St. Moritz this year. You may not work in timber, but it may sometimes happen that you can't see the wood for the trees. That's when an outside opinion on production problems can be of such value. If amino-plastics can help (as they so often can) our research and development men, in co-operation with yours, will soon show you how.

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD.

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BEETLE Cement — a product of B.I.P. research — enables stronger, lighter skis to be made from laminated wood.



Here is a heritage of truly noble wines — a source of pride to the host who serves them, a compliment to the good taste of guests who enjoy them.

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HORNBY TRAINS

MADE IN ENGLAND BY MECCANO LTD.



VIKING
Nylon Ropes

Nylon stands the test



After months of rugged duty in river and coastal towage, this Viking Nylon Rope, used aboard the Anchor Tug 'Hendon', still remained flexible and easy to handle wet or dry. The owners of the tug, France, Fenwick Tyne and Wear Co. Ltd., report that this Nylon Rope long outlasted the sisal and manila rope previously used.

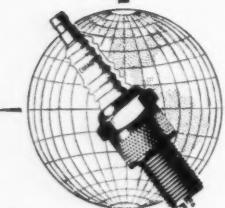
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LEITH, EDINBURGH, 6



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quality must be as consistent
in detail as in fundamentals*

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are supplied with
CHAMPION
PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED
FELTHAM • MIDDLESEX



“The Tin... Parachuted with me into a paddy field in northern Malaya

That was in 1945. . . . Opened in Cornwall, September 8/48. “Needless to say, the Tobacco was in perfect condition.” But here is the full story of still another Barneys Adventure, from a Major now demobbed:

Messrs. John Sinclair Ltd.

Sept. 9/48

Dear Sirs,

*Last night, I opened a 4oz. tin of Barneys Tobacco. I am unable to recollect the exact date upon which I bought this tin, but it was certainly purchased from the NAAFI in Ceylon before May 1945. The tin accompanied me on the flight from Ceylon to Malaya and **parachuted with me into a paddy field in northern Malaya**. I lost my pipe in Siam, but the tin remained in my possession and returned with me to India in December 1945, thence to England in December 1947. . . . On unpacking certain boxes, the tin was discovered only this week. **Needless to say, the tobacco is in perfect condition.***

*Appreciating your name and the quality of your tobaccos, I am, nevertheless, amazed at the manner in which this tobacco has withstood the most gruelling of tests. I am,
Yours truly,*

*The original letter may be inspected at the
Barneys Bureau, 24 Holborn, London, E.C.1.*

TRIBUTE TO
Barneys JOHN SINCLAIR'S

Barneys (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild), Punchbowle (full).
(305) Each 4/3d. the oz.

John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.